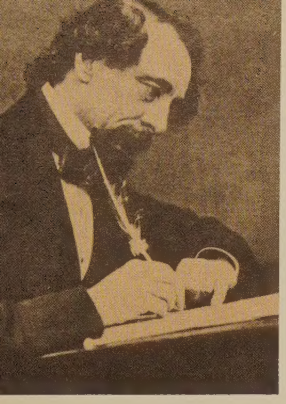
Together

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families December 1961

Rembrandt's *Adoration of the Shepherds*

BERKELEY 9 CALIF 1/62



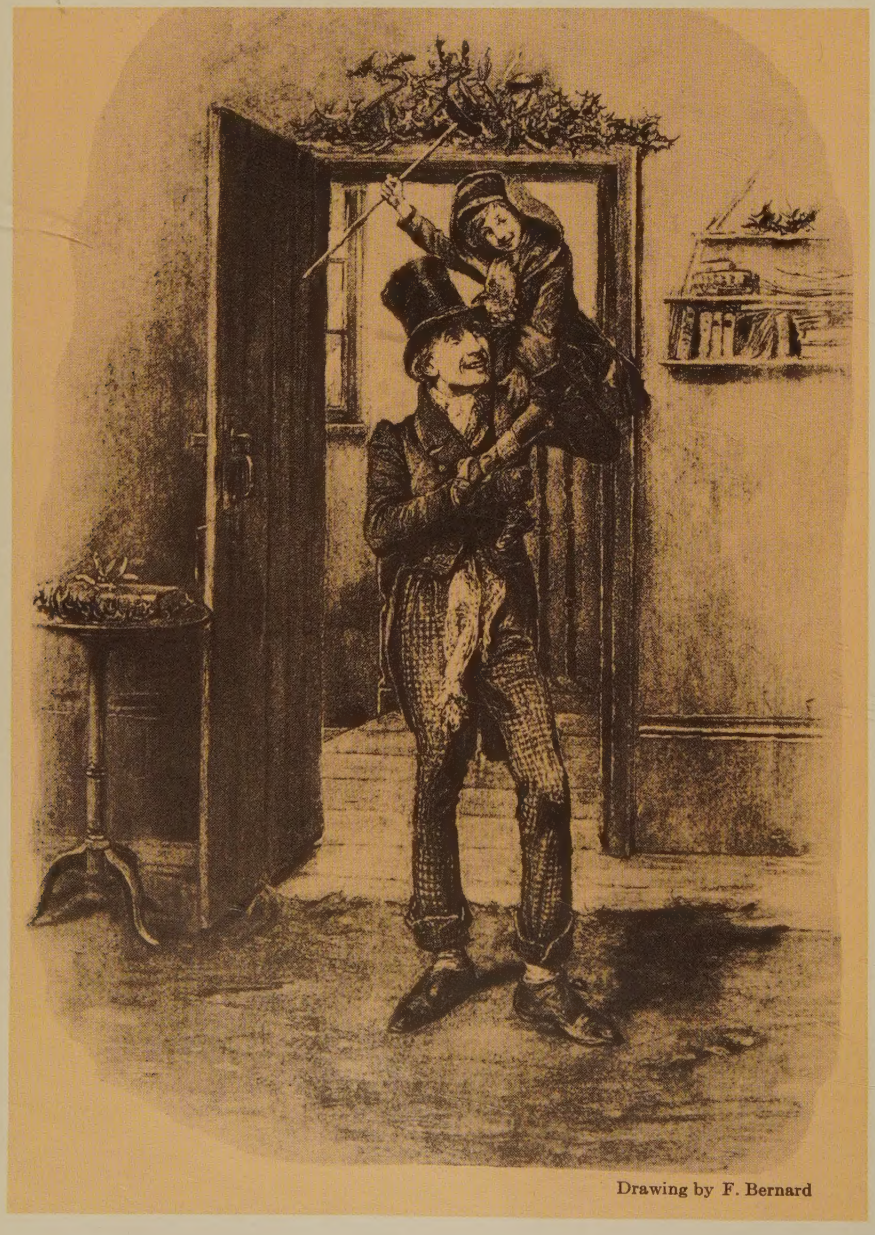
Charles Dickens

He Made Christmas Mer

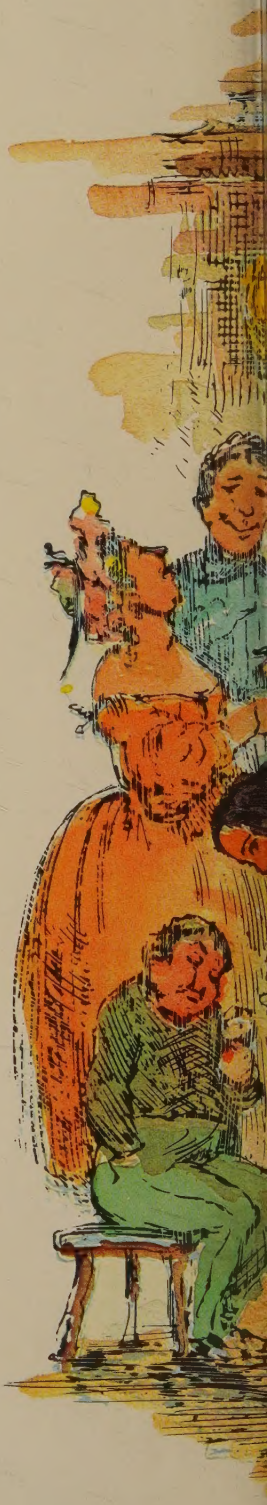
NOWHERE is Christmas more merrie than in the storybook Victorian world of Charles Dickens, the 19th-century British novelist. In the *Pickwick Papers,* we join the venerable Mr. Pickwick and his fun-loving cronies in a festive Christmas celebration before the blazing yule log. From the rafters hang strings of onions, a side of bacon, and hams, ready for the feasting—plus evergreen festoons and mistletoe to trap unsuspecting maidens. By contrast is Dickens' *A Christmas Carol,* where we suffer with poor Bob Cratchit and crippled Tiny Tim at the hands of one of literature's most famous villains, Ebenezer Scrooge. But, in typical Dickens fashion, good triumphs over evil and we rejoice in Scrooge's reformation.

"Mr. Pickwic
the old lady by the h
her beneath th
branch, and saluted h
courtesy and d
—The Pickwic

"Alas for Tiny Tim! He wore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!"—A Christmas Carol



Drawing by F. Bernard



Christmas Eve at Mr. Wardle's.
Color adaption by Floyd A. Johnson
from the original by "Phiz."

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with a GIFT SUBSCRIPTION to Together

In the season of giving, the thoughtful heart considers a g that will outlast the tinsel and glitter of Christmas Day.

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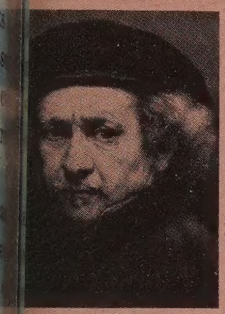
Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

THIS IS said to be a very good likeness of an st whose biblical work was so prodigious that a le completely illustrated with his religious mas- ieces has been issued. His name was Rem- ndt Harmensz van Rijn. He lived in the 1600s, l he knew the real meaning of Christmas. That's y we chose his masterful *Adoration of the Shepherds* for **this month's cover.** Our effort to obtain it for publication took quite a bit of doing, as they say in England, where the original is exhibited in the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, London. When we wrote the folks at the gallery, they were extremely courteous. Sure, we could photograph their Rembrandt, but they would appreciate it if our photogher would abide by some rather inflexible rules: must snap the picture before the gallery opens in e morning, and only a staff member would be rmitted to handle the old masterpiece. All this emed reasonable to us, so we hired a gentleman om Fine Art Engravers Ltd., also of London, to t over and do the job. The self-portrait is from e National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. It ows him at the age when he had reached the mmit of artistic achievement.



Rembrandt

There are many meanings of Christmas, to be re, as the variety of articles and stories in this sue indicate. In *How Christmas Came to Nohere Hills* [page 30], **Jesse Stuart** takes us back the Kentucky of his boyhood, as he does in so ny of his ever-popular stories and poems. But young mother named **Imogene Sorley** has happyd memories of recent Christmases and a small oy named *Dougie* [page 25]. On the next page a poem by **Mrs. Eugenia Brown** of Tulare, Calif., tled *Change*. It was written before—not after—er son, David, died in the crash of an airliner near hicago late last summer. The youth, who was eturning from the Methodist Student Movement onference in Urbana, Ill., said when he read the oem: "I like it, Mom. Why don't you send it to OGETHER?" Mrs. Brown asks that her poem also e dedicated to the two other Methodist young eople who died in the crash: Beth Harnish, of resno, Calif., and Charles McCallister, of Tulare.

So there are, after all, realms of the heart and pirit that all the gaudy colors and ballyhoo of vercommercialized Christmas can never touch. ach Christmas, all of us become time travelers to world of precious memories—happy or sad—vhere the old carols are always new [see pages 7-44] and the light of a Star still rises to guide us.

—YOUR EDITORS

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NOW! Lifetime Hospitalization

PAYS $100 WEEKLY from FIRST DA

NO WAITING PERIOD! NO AGE LIMIT! NO SALESMAN WILL CAL

IF YOU are the one American in four who does not drink, we are pleased and proud to offer the Gold Star Total Abstainers Hospitalization Policy, which will pay you $100 a week in cash, from your first day in the hospital, and will continue paying as long as you are there, even for life!

If you do not drink and are carrying ordinary hospitalization insurance, you are of course helping to pay for the accidents and hospital bills of those who do drink. Alcoholism is now our nation's No. 3 health problem, ranking immediately behind heart disease and cancer! Those who drink have reduced resistance to infection and are naturally sick more often and sick longer than those who do not drink. Yet their insurance—UNTIL NOW—cost the same as yours. NOW with the Gold Star Plan, your rates are based on the SUPERIOR HEALTH RECORDS of Non-Drinkers! Why should you help pay for the hospitalization of those who ruin their health by drink? Gold Star rewards you instead of penalizing you for not drinking!

Now, for the first time, you can get the newest and most modern type of hospitalization coverage at an unbelievably low rate because the Gold Star Policy is offered only to non-drinkers. With this policy, you receive $100 a week in cash, from the first day and as long as you remain in the hospital! This money is paid you in cash to be used for rent, food, hospital or doctor bills—anything you wish. Your policy cannot be cancelled by the company no matter how long you remain in the hospital or how often you are sick. And the present low rate on your policy can never be raised simply because you get old, or have too many claims, but only in t event of a general rate adjustment up or down for all polic holders!

One out of every seven people will spend some time in t hospital this year. Every day over 64,000 people enter the ho pital—47,000 of these for the first time! No one knows who turn will be next, whether yours or mine. But we do kn that a fall on the stairs in your home or on the sidewalk, some sudden illness or operation could put you in the hospi for weeks or months, and could cost thousands of dollars.

How would you pay for a long siege in the hospital w costly doctor bills, and expensive drugs and medicines? Ma folks lose their car, savings, even their home, and are su hopelessly in debt for the rest of their lives. We surely ho this won't happen to you, but please don't gamble! Remembe once the doctor tells you it is *your* turn to enter the hospit it's too late to buy coverage at any price.

The Gold Star Plan Makes It Easy!

With a Gold Star Total Abstainers Hospitalization Polic you receive $100 per week (or $14.29 daily) in cash, as lo as you remain in the hospital. If your hospital stay is less tha one week, you still collect at the rate of $14.29 per day. Ev if you are already covered by another policy, the Gold St Plan will supplement that coverage, and will pay you direct in addition to your present policy.

This wonderful, generous protection costs only $4 a mon for each adult, age 19 through 64, or $40 for twelve fu months. For each child under 19, the rate is just $3 for month's protection. And for each adult of age 65 through 10 the premium is only $6 a month or $60 for a full year.

And remember, with Gold Star, the NO-LIMIT Hospit Plan, there is NO LIMIT on how long you can stay in th hospital, NO LIMIT on the number of times you can collec (and the Company can never cancel your policy), and N LIMIT on age!

Noted Leaders Say - - -

DR. FRANK C. LAUBACH, internationally known authority on literacy; author, preacher, and former missionary: "It seems to me that people who take good care of themselves should not be charged the same premium for insurance as those who are killing themselves by intemperance. This Gold Star Policy seems to be exactly what people who do not drink ought to have."

DR. ROY L. SMITH, well-known author, popular lecturer, preacher and former editor of *Christian Advocate:* "I am convinced that the time has come for abstainers to reap some of the benefits of their abstinence, and this is one of the ways in which it can be done. We have had lower insurance rates for abstaining drivers for a long time, so why not a hospitalization plan for non-drinkers. The Gold Star Plan seems sensible and scientific."

DR. RALPH W. SOCKMAN, nationally known preacher and author: "It has been my lifelong policy never to give public endorsement to any commercial enterprise, but I am heartily in favor of the principle involved in the Gold Star Plan. It only seems fair and just that those who abstain from alcoholic beverages should not be penalized for those who indulge."

DR. CARADINE R. HOOTON, General Secretary of the Board of Temperance of The Methodist Church: "The non-drinker being a better insurance risk should be entitled to a lower premium rate on his policy. I want to congratulate you on bringing this low-cost Gold Star Insurance Plan to total abstainers."

Money-Back Guarantee

We'll *mail* your policy to your home. No salesman will call. In the privacy of your own home, read the policy over. Examine it carefully. Have it checked by your lawyer, your doctor, your Christian friends or some trusted advisor. Make sure it provides *exactly* what we've told you it does. Then, if for any reason whatsoever you are not fully satisfied, just mail your policy back within ten days, and we'll cheerfully refund your entire premium by return mail, with no questions asked. So, you see, you have *everything* to gain and nothing to lose!

This Plan Offered Exclusively by

DE MOSS ASSOCIATES, INC.
VALLEY FORGE, PENNA.
AND AFFILIATES

"Special Protection for Special People"

Coverage for Non-Drinkers ONLY!!

. . . EVEN FOR LIFE OF POLICY-HOLDER!

GOLD STAR BENEFITS GUARANTEED IN WRITING!

- Pays you $100 weekly while you are in the hospital in addition to Workmen's Compensation or any other hospital insurance you may carry.
- Good in any accredited hospital anywhere in the world (including missionary hospitals).
- Policy good in all 50 states!
- Guaranteed renewable (only YOU can cancel).
- No age limit.
- Immediate coverage; full benefits go into effect the day our policy is issued.
- There is no limit to the number of times you can collect.
- No waiting periods. Pays from very first day you enter the hospital, in cash, TAX FREE!
- No policy or enrollment fees.
- Policy is mailed to your home. No salesman will call.
- All benefits are paid directly to you and can be used for rent, food, hospital, doctor bills—anything you wish.
- Claim checks sent air mail special delivery.
- Every kind of sickness and accident covered except, of course, pregnancy, any act of war, pre-existing conditions, or hospitalization caused by the use of alcoholic beverages or narcotics. Everything else IS covered!

ADDITIONAL GOLD STAR BENEFITS

- Pays $2,000 cash for accidental death.
- Pays $2,000 cash for loss of one hand, or one foot, or sight of one eye.
- Pays $6,000 cash for loss of both hands, or both feet, or sight of both eyes.

Read What a Blessing This Protection Has Been To Others:

Mrs. Marguerite Joslyn, Auburn, New York: "Thank you for my checks. The last one came today. I can truly say I am glad to recommend the Gold Star policy to anyone. Even though my policy was only in effect since December 14th and I broke my leg in January, I have received full payment for the time I was in the hospital."

Rev. Norman L. Kauble, Gilman, Iowa: "I chose the Gold Star Plan at the time of its introduction and never dreamed that I would use it so soon or that it would prove so valuable. My thanks to your organization for its promptness in paying my claim. I certainly may be quoted as endorsing heartily this plan which has helped us so much."

C. W. Vaudervoort, Carrizo Springs, Texas: "When I took insurance with your Company late in 1960, I had no idea my wife would break her arm in January 1961. Nor did I know she would have an acute attack of appendicitis in April 1961, but both these things took place, and your prompt payment was a great help."

Mrs. Laura Young, Chicago Heights, Illinois: "I kept saying before hand, 'I'm sure they'll be fair.' You were not only fair, but prompt as well—not keeping me in suspense. This was truly a God-send!"

RUSH COUPON NOW!
TO ASSURE YOUR PROTECTION

APPLICATION FOR 814-1261

Gold Star Total Abstainers' Hospitalization Policy

My name is _____

Street or RD # _____

City _____ Zone ___ State _____

Date of Birth: Mo._____ Day_____ Yr._____ Ht._____ Wt._____

My occupation is _____

My beneficiary is _____ Relationship _____

I also hereby apply for coverage for the members of my family listed below:

NAME	DATE OF BIRTH	AGE	RELATIONSHIP	HT.	WT.
1.					
2.					
3.					
4.					

To the best of your knowledge and belief, have you or any person listed above ever had high or low blood pressure, heart trouble, diabetes, cancer, arthritis or tuberculosis or have you or they, within the last five years, been disabled by either accident or illness, had medical advice or treatment, taken medication for any condition, or been advised to have a surgical operation? Yes ☐ No ☐

If so, give details stating person affected, cause, date, name and address of attending physician and whether fully recovered:

Neither I nor any other person listed above uses alcoholic beverages, and I hereby do apply for a policy with the understanding that the policy will not cover any conditions existing prior to the issue date, and that it shall be issued solely and entirely in reliance upon the written answers to the above questions.

Date _____ *Signed:* X _____

APP. 1010-3

HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

1. Fill out application at right.
2. Enclose in an envelope with your first payment.
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YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR GOLD STAR POLICY PROMPTLY BY MAIL. NO SALESMAN WILL CALL.

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Letters

Cover Carries a Message

BEATRICE E. TRASK
Boulder, Colo.

We at Frasier Meadows Manor made good use of the August TOGETHER cover. One of our retired ministers was operated on in September, and—after we had looked through a hundred or more magazines for the makings of an appropriate get-well card that all 73 members could sign—we selected the picture of the grapes to carry our message.

A 'Yea' for Rep. Judd

MRS. JEAN S. HESSE
Sheboygan, Wis.

Congratulations on the October Powwow, *Who Should Speak for the Church?* [page 32]. It was an excellent presentation of a matter long in need of an airing.

I agree wholeheartedly with Rep. Judd that encouragement of direct political-social action by more Christian church members through civic groups and the political parties of their choice is a highly commendable, highly effective—and critically needed!—tool for good.

It's Easy to Pass the Buck

CASPER APELAND
Waukegan, Ill.

Who Should Speak for the Church? [October *Powwow*, page 32] is one of the most worthwhile articles you have ever printed.

Congressman Judd shows clearly that the responsibility to speak rests on the individual parishioner and minister, and not on the church collectively. The greatest responsibility of the minister is to preach personal evangelism and charge his listeners with carrying these teachings into their personal and business lives.

One of the worst sins of our times is to avoid personal responsibilities by passing them on to institutions and agencies. In so doing, we fall back on the collective effort which we condemn in communism.

'Most Thought Provoking'

FLETCHER COATES, *Director*
Office of Information
National Council of Churches
New York, N.Y.

Let me thank you very much for the tear sheets of *Who Should Speak for the Church? [Powwow*, October, page 32].

It was most thought provoking and, as a discussion presenting two sides of a currently important question, most fair and reasonable.

'Read and Heed'

MRS. I. K. JUERGENSMEYER
Carlinville, Ill.

I am very grateful to you for publishing *Who Should Speak for the Church?* [October *Powwow*, page 32]. I have been much disturbed by pronouncements of church boards on federal aid to education and admission of Red China to the UN.

Rep. Judd has given us excellent advice on what the attitude of church leaders should be regarding the molding of opinions. I wish they would all read and heed his advice.

MSM Giving Us Black Eye?

MARY HAZEL MILLER
Dayton, Ohio

If the Methodist Student Movement wants to promulgate such ideas as terminating our House Un-American Activities Committee and admitting Red China into the UN [*News*, September, page 71], they should drop the name of Methodist and stop giving us all a black eye!

One looks in vain at that group for the real things that gave birth to our denomination.

Hopes Title Is Prophetic

MRS. JOHN R. CARR
Chicago, Ill.

I am surely not the first to write you concerning Dag Hammarskjöld's article *The UN Is Here to Stay* [October, page 23].

As I browsed through the issue, and came to his article, it was like a voice from the dead. I pray that the title is a true prediction.

Thanks for Backing Dag

C. R. YOST
Eldorado, Ill.

I was very glad to see Dag Hammarskjöld's article *The UN Is Here to Stay* [October, page 23]. It pleased me greatly to know that our Methodist magazine recognized his fearless, his unselfish, and his invaluable servic

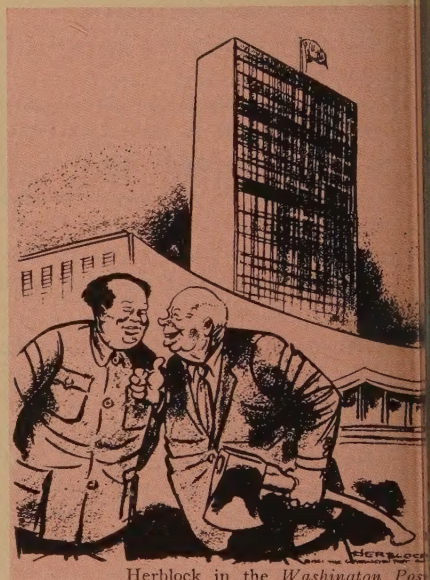
Those who have opposed the UN mu feel that their objectives have be realized in the untimely death of t secretary-general. Thanks for a mag zine that "pleads trumpet-tongue against them.

Cartoon Shameful?

MRS. LEWIS WHITEHEAD
Sebastopol, Calif.

As Methodists, we are thankful f our church's interest in world affairs, illustrated by your publication of D Hammarskjöld's *The UN Is Here Stay* [October, page 23].

The accompanying cartoon, howeve left us with a feeling of shame rath than thanksgiving. Methodists know Khrushchev's lack of co-operation the UN and his apparent efforts render it "not worth belonging to," bu does that knowledge give us the righ



Herblock in the *Washington Pos*

'Listen—when I get through with it it won't be worth belonging to.'

to vent our contempt in such a cartoon as this?

Mr. K. is a child of God, whether he knows it or not. Christ died for him and our Christian duty requires our prayers for him, not caricatures. Let the church speak out in Christian love, or let it be silent!

Rights or Wrongs?

C. F. SCHMIDT
Brenham, Tex.

Methodism's "ambassador to the UN," Dr. Carl D. Soule, says in *Four Pivotal Issues* [October, page 25] that in such countries as Angola, Mozambique, South-West Africa, and the Union of South Africa human rights still are being disregarded.

Why not also say that East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Bul-

"Looks like it's going to be a Chrysler year"

ROM TOP TO BOTTOM: 1962 IMPERIAL CROWN, 1962 CHRYSLER 300, 1962 DODGE LANCER 770, 1962 DODGE DART 440, 1962 VALIANT SIGNET 200, 1962 PLYMOUTH FURY

Things are new at Chrysler Corporation and in all the 1962 Chrysler Corporation cars. □ The price lass doesn't matter: this year we're offering something extra in every price class. Example: accelera- ion is up as much as 11%. □ An automotive writer who saw this new line of cars at the preview said, "Looks like it's going to be a Chrysler year." Why don't you take a close look and see for yourself?

Chrysler Corporation *Where Engineering puts something extra into every car*

PLYMOUTH • VALIANT • DODGE • DART • LANCER • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

"Suffer Little Children..."

White or black, Puerto Ricans or reservation Indians, they are all God's children and your Annuity dollars can bring them to the Saviour while assuring you an income for LIFE. Indeed your Annuity gift reaches around the world, in every continent, bringing the good news of Salvation not only to children but to adults as well.

The Annuity Plan makes you a partner with God in sowing the Word and winning souls. Thus you can leave an everlasting memorial in the lives which your Annuity dollars will reach and convert.

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Send for booklet "Bright Horizons" giving you full particulars of The Annuity Plan and telling the fascinating picture story of soul-winning missionary work here at home and abroad.

Division of World Missions and Division of
National Missions of the Board of Missions of
THE METHODIST CHURCH, 475 Riverside Dr., New York 27, N. Y.

Attention: Dr. Ashton A. Almand Dept. T12-43-1

Gentlemen: Please send me full information regarding your Annuity Plan and FREE copy of beautiful booklet "Bright Horizons."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

garia, Romania, and other countries have been forced behind the Iron Curtain since the birth of the UN? Or do the Russians respect human rights?

'Sees Red' . . . But Not in UN

LOUISE RIDGE
Gering, Nebr.

I have just read Carl D. Soule's *Four Pivotal Issues* [October, page 25].

It appears that Dr. Soule believes Red China should be admitted to the UN. I, along with many other Americans, believe that if Communist China is admitted, the United States should withdraw from the UN.

Mortgages Don't Die!

F. L. PEDERSEN, *Director*
Section of Church Extension
Division of National Missions
Philadelphia, Pa.

Here at the Division of National Missions we're delighted with the response churches are making to the appeal for repayment of old mortgages representing money donated to local congregations many decades ago [see *Old Mortgages Never Die,* November, page 32].

As your excellent article noted, Minnesotans were early leaders in the movement. Now, I am happy to report Methodists in other states are responding, too. As an example, we recently received payments representing satisfaction of liens which were 70, 71, and 72 years old from churches in North and South Dakota. The historic documents involved have been returned to the churches while the money is being made available for new building projects—10 per cent to outpost missions (Hawaii, Alaska, Puerto Rico, etc.) and 90 per cent to churches in the districts from which the payments came.

Cartoonist a Preacher?

MRS. E. M. BRADY
Maryville, Kans.

When TOGETHER arrives at our home, we turn first to the clever and humorous cartoon by Charles M. Schulz [see this month's *Teens Together,* page 48]. He preaches some very profound sermons.

Series Good . . . Titles Poor

DALE C. HARRIS, *Pastor*
Gilchrist, Oreg.

I wish to express my appreciation for the *We Believe* series. The first two articles are topnotch. However, I do feel that the titles are unsatisfactory.

The Church: Here Man Worships and Serves [September, page 45] gives the idea that the church is a building or place, whereas Dr. Trotter is careful to point out in the article that the church is not a place but a "living community."

God . . . Son . . . Holy Spirit [October,

Together / NEWSLETTER

ELFISH DEFENSE AS HARMFUL AS A-BOMB. The National Council of Churches' committee on family life warns that fear of atomic blast and fall-out, if allowed to panic families into merely selfish defense efforts, "will harm us as truly as any physical disaster." The committee says "every Christian family which considers the possibility of providing a fall-out shelter for its own use must consider . . . how it can express its responsibility for the welfare of others in its community and in the world neighborhood. . ."

18,258 KNOWN TITHERS. The 1961 General Minutes of the Annual Conferences of The Methodist Church reports the number of known tithers in the church at 218,258 out of a total membership of 10,046,293. The average Sunday-morning worship service attendance is 3,712,135.

TAY ON JOB IN KATANGA. The 84 Methodist missionaries in the Congo's Katanga Province remained safely at their stations during the recent fighting between UN and Katanga forces. The Methodist Board of Missions says 28 of the 84 were transferred to Katanga from the Central Congo earlier this year.

ORE INTEREST IN RELIGION? The U.S. Office of Education reports that during the 1959-60 school year the number of bachelor's degrees in the field of religion granted by all accredited colleges totaled 9,002, a gain of 2.2 per cent over the previous year; master's degrees, 1,331, up 11.9 per cent; and doctorates, 276, an increase of 4.5 per cent.

REAFFIRM SUNDAY CLOSING DECISIONS. The United States Supreme Court has refused to review its decisions of last June upholding the constitutionality of Sunday closing laws. The court had ruled that state laws requiring certain businesses to close on Sundays are valid, and that members of Sabbatarian faiths can be required to observe such laws in the interest of a "community day of rest." [See Should We Have Sunday Closing Laws? June, page 30.]

MOVIES POWERFUL INFLUENCE. The Rev. D. J. Kliphardt, associate executive director of the National Council of Churches' audio-visual and broadcast education department, says movies, even in religious homes, exert a greater influence on youth than parents.

(More church news on page 67)

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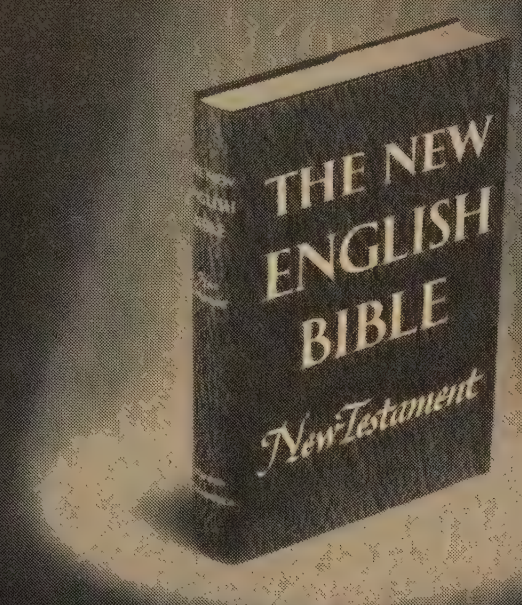

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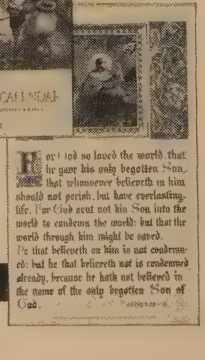

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page 45] is even more distressing be cause it is heretical. The title sugges that the Son and the Holy Spirit a not God. What's wrong with the trad tional phrase, "Father, Son, and Ho Spirit"?

'Does Not Represent Bible'

DAVID R. DOUGLASS, *Pastor*
Bloomington, Tex.

After reading and rereading Joh Deschner's article *God . . . Son . Holy Spirit* [October, page 45], I feel must write in objection.

Although editorial policy should, a yours does, allow certain freedom t authors to express opinions which "ma not reflect official concurrence," an series on Methodist beliefs should a nearly as possible reflect official Meth odism—which in this case would be th Articles of Religion and, more basically the Bible on which these articles ar founded.

This second article of the *We Believ* series does not represent, even general ly, the Bible nor the Methodist belie concerning the doctrine of the Trinity

Articles of Religion Shunned?

NEAL R. VAN LOON
La Grande, Oreg.

In the second paragraph of Joh Deschner's article *God . . . Son . . . Holy Spirit* [October, page 45], his thesis seems to be that there are not three persons in the Godhead. If this is so he is contradicting Articles of Religion I, II, and IV.

When things like this come up, the usual answer is, "It doesn't really matter." But if it doesn't really matter why in Paragraph 921(e) of our *Discipline* is provision made for the trial of a bishop or traveling preacher for disseminating doctrines contrary to the Articles of Religion?

What we have in the theological world today is confounded confusion. The instructors in our schools who are helping to make preachers and teachers should help clarify our accepted doctrines instead of adding to the mess we already have.

He Has Just One Question

LES THOMPSON, JR., *Pastor*
Oklahoma City, Okla.

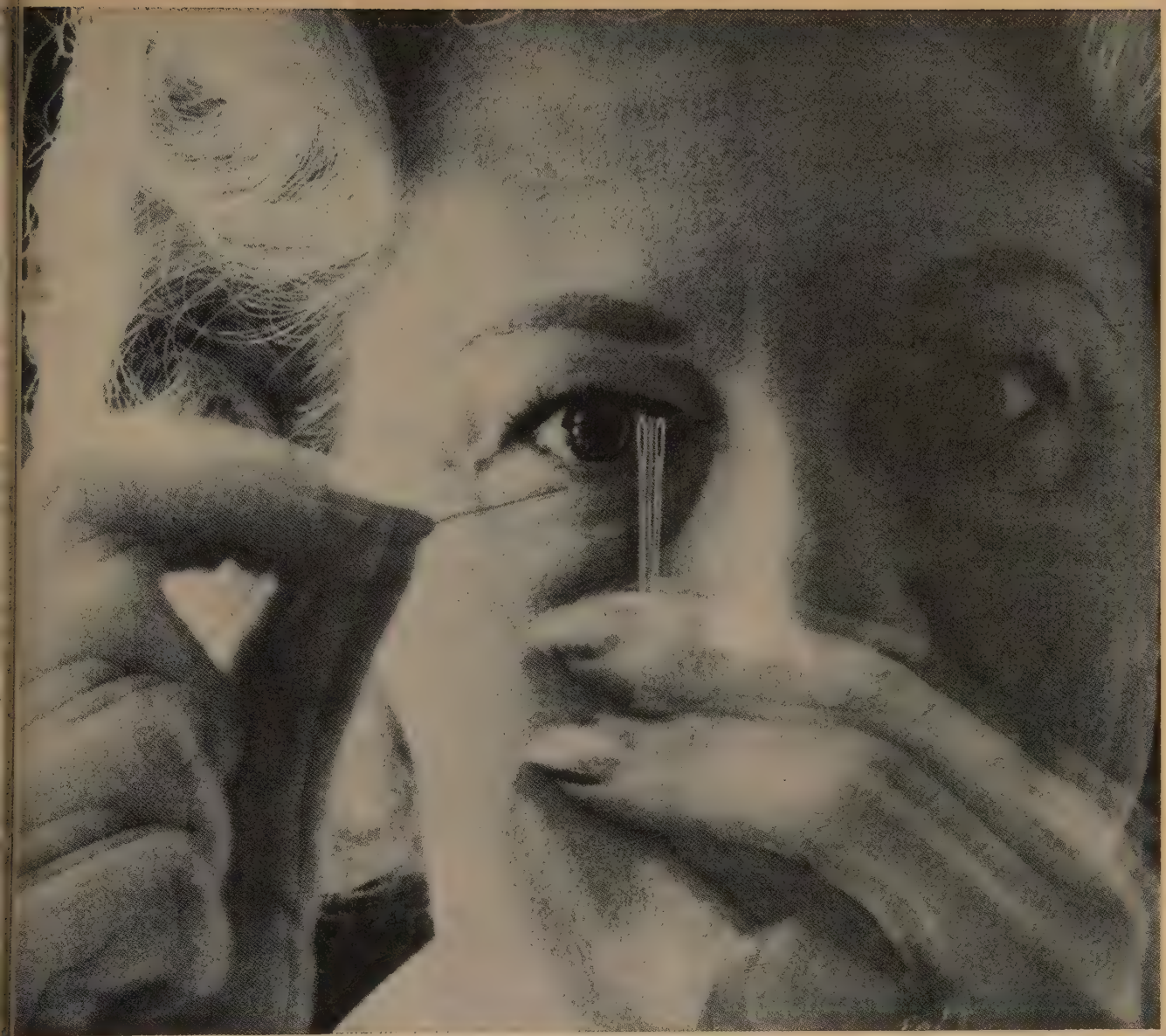
After reading Dr. John Deschner's article on the Trinity [*God . . . Son . . . Holy Spirit,* October, page 45], I have one question to ask: What about the Trinity?

Applause From New Prospect

J. B. CAIN, *Pastor*
Bolton, Miss.

I am writing to express my great appreciation for the *Mississippi Camp*

(*Continued on page 76*)



"Because I was nervous to my fingertips, my doctor started me on Postum."

"You can imagine how it worried me, when I found it hard to thread a needle! Of course I wasn't sleeping very well, but I hadn't realized how unsteady I'd become. Time to see the doctor, I told myself.

" 'Can't find anything wrong,' the doctor told me, 'unless maybe you've been drinking too much coffee.' It seems some people can't take the caffein in coffee. 'Change to Postum,' the doctor advised. 'It's 100% caffein-free—can't make you nervous or keep you awake!'

"Well—I've been blessing the doctor and Postum ever since! My nerves are much steadier, I sleep much better and I really enjoy drinking Postum. My only regret is I didn't change to Postum sooner!"

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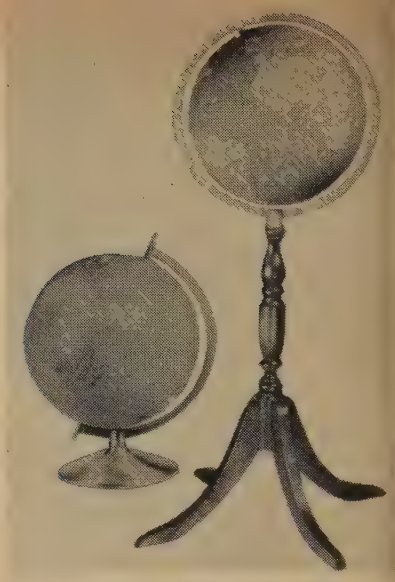

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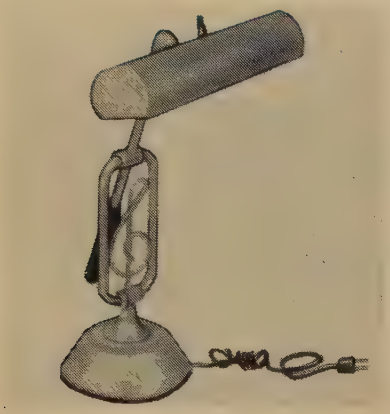
Clearly identified names of places, air distances, steamship routes and geographical notes. Tapered brass-plated base—17 in. high. Supported by a semi-meridian—12 in. in diameter. [RM-1262] Postage extra; wt., 5 lbs., 8 ozs. .. **$9.95**



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Personal Testimony

My Christmas Walk

By RUTH PELLISSIER

MOST CHRISTMAS traditions develop their richness when shared with family and friends. But I do not think it is an admission of selfishness to say that one of my favorite Christmas customs is one I observe alone. I call it my Christmas walk. I've never told anyone about it before, not even my family, although when my children were younger they sometimes accompanied me without knowing it. To them it was just an unproductive shopping trip.

I take my Christmas walk after the last item on my gift list has been checked off. I want no last-minute shawl for Aunt Sarah to distract me. In practice, of course, the day of my sojourn is just a few days before the holiday; and for my purposes, that is so much the better. Streets and stores are crammed with hurrying shoppers, and I pick the busiest street in the business district, the busiest spot I can find.

If I have enough time, I walk several blocks and return to my car by the opposite side of the street. If I can spare only a few minutes, I walk just one block each way. But the routine I follow and the reasons for the routine are the same.

In my pocket is a coin purse; I carry nothing in my hands. Strolling unhurried through the crowds, I savor the sights, the sounds, the smells of Christmas as I am never able to do when rushing to shop myself. I look at the buildings, the decorations, the people. I smile and greet the friends I meet, and even some strangers. I pass gaily along the counters of colorful displays, and may even stop to buy one small tree ornament to add to the collection we have hoarded through the years.

Near the candy counter of the five-and-ten or in the leather-goods section of a big department store, I inhale deeply the mingled odors which I usually miss. Pausing occasionally, I rejoice in the bells, the chimes, the carols sounding all about me.

On a street corner I drop coins in the Salvation Army kettle, or I sympathize with a weary Santa for his aching feet. I may even surprise the harried policeman with a friendly compliment on the patience he displays in directing the throngs of pedestrians and countless cars. I open doors for burdened shoppers, and in one store I rescue a small boy from a toy display, hold a screaming infant for a harassed mother, and hand him back smiling when she has corralled a toddler not much older than the babe in arms.

Each year, as I look about me, I wonder: Is this the ugly American Christmas I hear so universally deplored? Of course, the scene reminds me that this is a great and bountiful land where the promise of bigger and better things is shouted, not whispered. But I recall, too, that its greatness was achieved by people like these around me—every shape, color, race, creed, and disposition. Where are the greed and avarice the critics talk about? Somehow I miss them on my Christmas walk. Commercialism, I decide, has not taken over Christmas after all. "Peace on Earth" is still the universal hope; "Good Will Toward Men" still has its champions. Christmas is still Christmas, if you slow down and look.

Amid the crowds and noise, my Christmas walk is a time when I can say, "Thank you, God, for the big things and for tiny blessings, too; for the glitter and yet the peace; for our country where I am free to celebrate and live as I choose, to make mistakes, perhaps, and to start over again. Give me the wisdom and the strength to handle the future's unknowns. Thank you for life's goodness. And most of all, thank you for your son, Jesus Christ."

ETHICS:

Businessmen Take Stock

A Report From Luther H. Hodges, U.S. Secretary of Commerce

ALL OF US have read a great deal these last few years about misdeeds of businessmen. Some have obtained public offices and then abused their trust for personal advantage. Some have connived with labor-union officials to the detriment of their companies, union members, and the public. Some have misled people to take part in rigged TV quiz shows. Some have allowed personal interests to conflict with their responsibilities to their companies and stockholders.

Only a few months ago, several officials of some of our best-known companies were found guilty of deliberate price fixing in violation of our antitrust laws. And, most recently, Congress has begun to investigate deceptive practices of some businessmen in the packaging and labeling of goods.

In cataloguing these business offenses, the word "some" has been used repeatedly—for a purpose. That purpose is to underscore the importance of applying here one of our most cherished moral precepts! A group should not be condemned for the sins of a few members.

Despite the seemingly large number of reports of misconduct in the business world in recent years, all the persons involved are but a handful of the millions of American men and women who daily operate our nation's businesses. After all, we have nearly five million business enterprises in our country. Although most of them are small, individual businesses, their owners and employees have the same kind of responsibility to run their affairs honestly and ethically as the managers of our largest corporations. And, even if we limit our view to the larger companies, we must remember that there are more than 60,000 corporations in the United States that have assets of over a million dollars.

To stigmatize all the people who run these many business enterprises for the faults of those few reported in the press would be wholly unreasonable and unjust. It would utterly belie the wonderful record of achievement of American business in peace and in war.

The real fact is that America's businessmen, as a group, are just like any other group of our people. They are neither all good nor all bad. Some undoubtedly run their business affairs in full compliance with law and the principles of moral responsibility. At the other extreme, there are some who have shown that their only goal is selfish gain, and who exhibit little or no regard for how they pursue it.

Then, in the middle, there are unquestionably many businessmen, big and small, who want and try to do the right thing. At times they succeed in this endeavo At times, however, they only see through the glass dar ly. Though they are honest, honorable men and wome they do not always perceive that there is an ethical dime sion to every business problem they must decide. Indee they find themselves ofttimes perplexed and confused b the complexities of the choices they must make amor varied and conflicting business objectives.

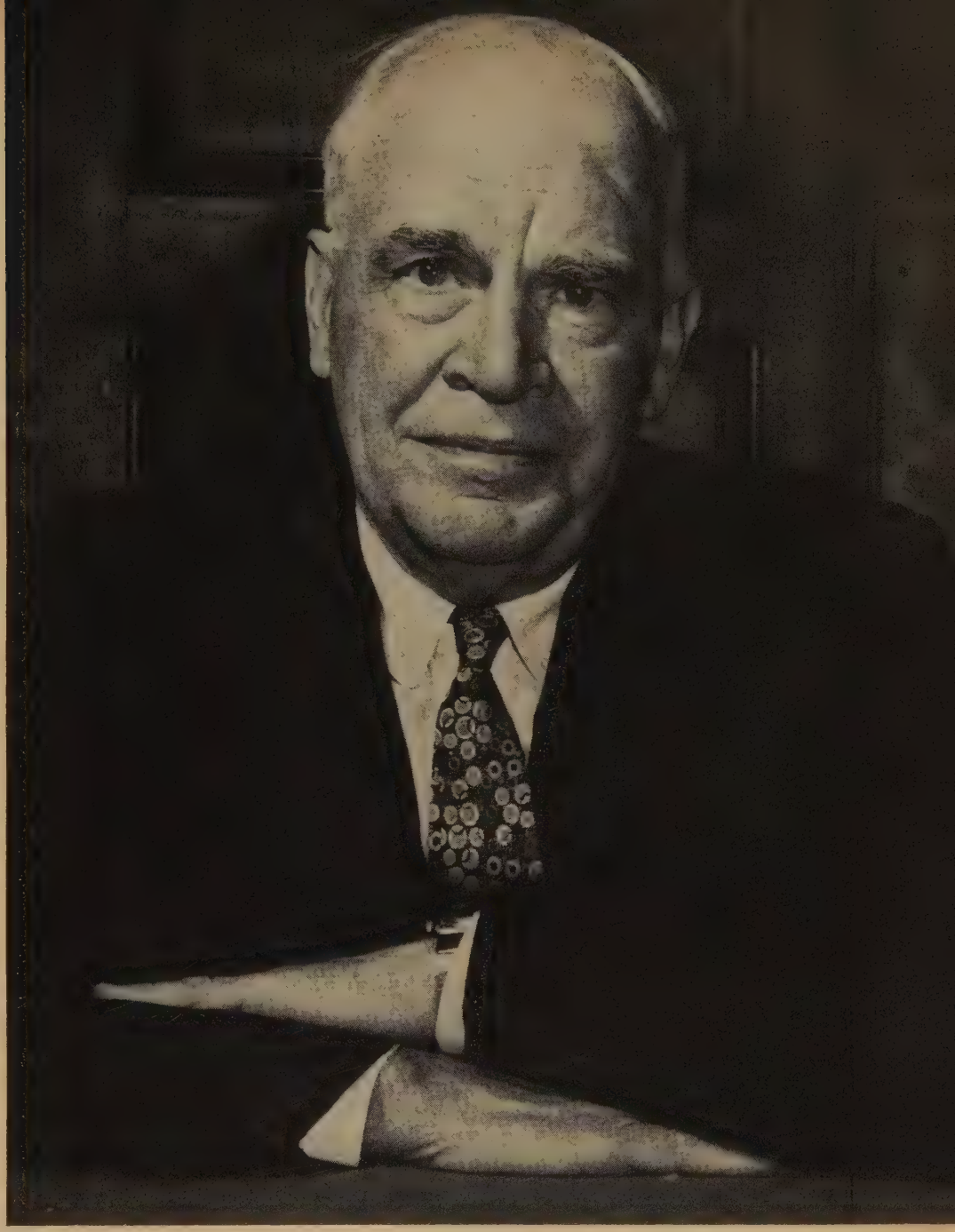
Even some of those erring businessmen we read abo should, in fairness, be placed in this group. They nee tools to help them recognize the ethical elements i their business decisions and to help them mak morally sound judgments about the conduct of the businesses. They need encouragement from the mor leaders within the business world, as well as from ou churches, schools, government, and the general pub lic, to strengthen their resolution to follow the paths o righteousness.

The history of the past 60 years shows that America businessmen already have substantially increased thei awareness of ethical and moral responsibility in the con duct of business and are fully capable of reaching greate heights in this regard.

At the turn of the century, there were businessme who could and did openly assert that business an religion do not mix, that morality stops at the churc door. "Let the buyer beware!" was then a precept mor widely known and accepted than the Golden Rule. Th biblical warning against trying to serve two masters wa considered to have little or no meaning for businessme in their handling of corporate property. The commo tenet was that what was not illegal was good, and ther were some businessmen who took care to see that legisla tures and courts made mighty few of their action illegal. Certainly, it was far from fashionable for businessman to admit that his every business action ough to be performed ethically as well as in obedience to law

The many changes that have occurred since then hav been largely the combined result of public demands fo reform through governmental regulation, the voluntar actions and leadership of morally sensitive businessmer and the changed nature of the corporation and its man agement in our society.

The Federal Trade Commission, the Securities an Exchange Commission, and other government regulator agencies, both state and federal, were public response to selfish business practices. They have done muc through compulsion by soliciting voluntary business co



Luther Hodges quit as a vice-president of Marshall Field Enterprises at 52 to enter state politics. Perhaps he recalled the needling of a friend: "You businessmen are always saying government would be better if businessmen were running it. Prove it." An active Methodist, he helped bring $1 billion in new or expanded industry to North Carolina in six years as governor. He has similar plans for improving U.S. world trade.

operation to raise the standards of business morality in our country.

Ethical leadership from within business itself, as far back as the pioneering work of men like Edward Filene and Marshall Field, also has done much to improve the moral climate. The hundreds of codes of ethics which have been adopted by individual concerns, industry-wide groups, trade associations, and national business organizations have played an important part in increasing the businessman's awareness of the ethical dimensions of his actions.

While many of these codes were written and then, unfortunately, put on the shelf, the soul searching involved in their preparation has done much to sharpen the moral sensibilities of businessmen. The very fact that businessmen felt a need to announce publicly their adherence to ethical precepts has helped to win business-wide acceptance of the idea that moral obligations ought to pervade every area of business life.

The third factor contributing to the increased awareness of the abiding rule of ethics in the activities of businessmen has been the changed nature of the corporation and its management. The increasing size and complexity of our business corporations, accompanied by the divorce between management and the stockholders in our larger corporations, has made corporate managers, as a class, aware that they are members of a profession, that they are stewards of power for the benefit of stockholders, labor, consumers, the government, and general public.

It is well for our future that history can record that America's businessmen have demonstrated their capacity and desire to continually strive to reach ever higher standards of business conduct. The years ahead are going to be critical for our country and for the free world. The

WIRED FOR SOUND!
Harold M. Talburt in Scripps-Howard Newspapers. Used by permission.

The PRICE FIXING SCANDAL

THE 1959 TV quiz show scandals brought the public face to face with dishonesty in business. For the villains were people with whom millions of Americans had become emotionally involved.

That was only the beginning. In the last two years, a dazed public has seen more of its idols toppled by charges of payola, misleading advertising, price fixing, intimidation of competition, and conflicts of interest. Among them were some of our oldest, biggest, most respected corporations.

Already reeling in the public eye, business received the most crushing blow of all last February when 29 electrical-equipment manufacturers and 44 of their executives were sentenced for fixing prices, rigging bids, and slicing up available business according to plan.

Secretary of Commerce Luther H. Hodges summed up the feelings of many. "When you have these good, big company names involved," he said, "the whole business world is under indictment."

Others reacted differently—and disturbingly. Corporation heads disavowed responsibility for the actions of subordinates. TV quiz-show riggers were defended on the premise that "everybody's doing it." What playwright Robert Anderson called modern society's 11th Commandment—"Don't get caught"—won tacit endorsement as a moral standard.

In the scandal's wake, Harvard Business Review *polled 1,700 businessmen. Four of five said unethical practices—such as price fixing, bribery, using inside information for stock-market killings, and plying customers with call girls—were common in their fields.*

What's behind this apparent decline in honesty and integrity, which comes on top of rising delinquency and divorce rates and cheating in college exams and basketball games? "In the conflict between the pressures for success and spiritual and moral values," said one repentant businessman, "we have surrendered to secular forces."

The problem is a challenge to the public, to government—and to the church. "It is the function of a prophetic religion," said Dr. Walter G. Muelder, dean of Boston University School of Theology, "to inspire consumers, politicians, businessmen, and professional persons to more responsible behavior."

—V. L. Nicholson

communist challenge will have to be met and overcom on all fronts, at home and overseas. The underdevelope countries and the uncommitted countries especially wil have to be shown that the best hope for their peoples de pends upon the creation and preservation of free societies They can be persuaded by reason to follow our exampl if our example is good.

In presenting America to the world as the mora leader of the democratic way of life, America's business men have a vital role. Whether we like it or not, we ar known throughout the world as a nation of businessmen The misconduct of even a few American businessmen— quickly reported throughout the world and subjected t the distortions of the communist propaganda mills—ca give millions of people abroad the impression that ou moral fiber is weak, that our capacity for moral leader ship is insufficient for the tasks ahead.

Our business leaders know these things. They know where their responsibility lies. They know that the ethi cal conduct of our domestic and international commerc is an essential part of the image our country presents t the world. They know that today, and in the future, th ethical conduct of business will require an awareness o and the exercise of moral responsibility for every aspec of business life—responsibilities to customers, suppliers stockholders, workers, competitors, the community, th government, and the general public.

To help America's businessmen to understand, to de sire, and to achieve ever higher ethical goals, we in th Department of Commerce, with the support of th President, have called together a group of leaders o business, churches, education, and the press. This group called the Business Ethics Advisory Council, has been asked to try to find some tools and programs that busi nessmen can use to help themselves improve their standards of ethical performance. In keeping with our best traditions, the council is proceeding on the theory that if a man is shown the right path and the wisdom of following it, he will be apt to do so without threat or coercion.

The council already is hard at work on its tasks. No one has preconceived notions as to what particular tools and programs the council will fashion. Everyone recog nizes that the complexities of today's business life are bound to make the council's tasks difficult of solution. What is important is that the members of the Advisory Council see a goal ahead and believe they can help other businessmen to see and reach that goal.

There can be no doubt that America's businessmen will, by the exercise of heightened moral responsibility in their businesses, give the American public and the peoples of the world a true perspective on recently pub licized offenses: That they are serious blemishes, but no evidence of any real malignancy. There is no reason to doubt that the businessmen of America have a high sense of moral responsibility. In the first stages of our work with the Business Ethics Advisory Council, we have been encouraged by the real interest and support that has been forthcoming from the business community.

With this great will to reach new heights of moral responsibility, I feel confident that the American business man will help this country to succeed and to win the respect of other nations in the future.

e Perfect Gift

rapted we watched the shining Star glide silently
ross the midnight sky until it stopped
ove the little town of Bethlehem.
ldenly there were angels singing,
lory to God in the highest, and on earth
ace, good will toward men."

o thumbtacks had slipped
from the midnight sky
ting its loosened edges
curl back over paper stars.
d where one restless angel
had walked too close,
e little town of Bethlehem
was but a chalky smear.

e angels now were singing Silent Night.
shy one in the front
kept twisting up her flowing robe
To show a pair of scarlet socks,
and gleaming patent slippers
Gave an earthy touch to that ethereal scene.

Next was the Cradle Hymn.
Our own small angel,
peering out into the darkened church,
Spied our shadowy faces.
His eyes grew bright;
he flashed us one wide toothless grin.
"Asleep on the hay" boomed out a bit too loud.
(He wanted us to know for sure
that he was singing.)

In that moment I felt full well
The greatness of God's gift
on that first Christmas Day.
Of all the gifts He may have sent declining man
What could be so perfect as a Son?

—Lillie-Pearl Helm

The Everlasting Mercy

He who gives a child a treat
Makes joy-bells ring in Heaven's street,
And he who gives a child a home
Builds palaces in Kingdom come,
And she who gives a baby birth
Brings Savior Christ again to Earth,
For life is joy, and mind is fruit,
And body's precious earth and root.

—John Masefield*

Christmas POEMS

omorrow's Jesus' Birthday

hat can I do to help, dear God?
here must be something for me!
m too little to string up the lights
r help decorate the tree.
asked my daddy, but he just scolds
nd tells me to keep away.
asked my mommy, but she just smiles
nd tells me to go and play.
hat can I do to help, dear God?
here must be one job more!
m sure you must have something
or a little guy that's four.

—Bette J. Willard

Children Caroling on Christmas Eve

Snowsuited and galoshed, they stand
In well-rehearsed propriety.
One youngster lifts a mittened hand,
The pitch pipe sounds a careful *e*
And sweeter than the littlest bell,
Young voices sing *The First Noel.*

Are gray-robed shepherds listening?
And through the softly falling snow
Do angels watch when children sing
On Christmas Eve? I only know
That all my life, remembering them,
My heart will go to Bethlehem.

—Grace V. Watkins

* *The Everlasting Mercy*, from *Poems* © 1917. Quoted by permission of the Macmillan Co.

There are many ways of remembering others at Christmas, but in the rush of modern society . . .

The Priceless

By DOROTHY BOYS KILIAN

WHEN A DECEMBER morning finds the postman handing you a pile of Christmas greetings, which do you enjoy most? Is it those with a formal message and printed signature, surrounded by empty space?

I'll bet not. Probably you look first for those with a handwritten personal message. Perhaps it begins under the picture, meanders up one margin and down the other, with the signature squeezed in at the corner. But even if it's a mess, you'll love it—for the sender has put part of himself on that card!

That's the point of the still-popular story, *Daddy-Long-Legs*. Judy, the little orphan girl, was grateful to her unknown benefactor for sending her to college. But she was miserable because this person refused to let her know who he was. He withheld himself.

Stores recognize the appeal of the personal touch when they advertise "personalized" gifts: names printed on matchbooks, initialed linens, monogrammed stationery. Those who get such presents know you thought of them specifically—and not at the last minute, either!

But there's a subtler way of making a gift personal. And it is certainly known to the friend who handed me a large, odd-shaped package last Christmas.

"Remember when we went on that picnic last summer?" she asked. "You admired the Mexican basket I carried my lunch in. Well, I finally found a duplicate."

I had forgotten the incident. But who wouldn't have her heart warmed to know that a friend remembered her wish and started searching in July for a particular Christmas gift!

There are intangible gifts, too, that convey the true spirit of Christmas. I'll never forget one snowy December afternoon just after World War I, when I was still a child. As I was waking from my nap, the delectable smell of fresh cookies was wafted under my bedroom door. Hurrying to the kitchen, I found Mother filling a wicker basket with golden macaroons and dark chocolate brownies.

"Have one," she said with a smile. "Then put on your shoes and your red-plaid dress. You're old enough to make a special Christmas call with me."

Soon we were bouncing along in our old car to the edge of town, where we stopped before a little cottage. At the door, we were greeted by a snowy-haired, blue-eyed woman. Even before she spoke, I realized she was a German. I was too young then to know what anguish the war years must have been for her, alone in her adopted land and probably ignored—perhaps openly hated—by neighbors who remembered only that she had been born in an enemy country. But seeing us, her eyes gleamed.

"Ach, but I'm glad to see you," she exclaimed as she hugged my mother impulsively and drew us into her tidy, picture-strewn parlor. "You know, little prinzess," she said, turning to me, "your mother has come yet many times when I am so lonesome, and has made me feel so goot, yah, so very goot."

"Tell me what you hear from your family, Mrs. Meinhardt," Mother said, setting her basket of cookies on the table and pulling her chair up close to her hostess' walnut rocker.

I realized how much my mother thoughtful friendliness meant t that lonely woman when, as a brid I attended a Christmas party in th home of my husband's employer. N one was rude, but as most of th other guests were well-acquainte they interrupted their remarks to m with greetings to others. My hu band had been spirited away to hel set up refreshment tables and soo I was fighting a first-class feeling c inferiority. Suddenly a pleasan faced older man held out his hand

"I'm John Williams," he said. "W haven't met, have we?"

"I'm Mrs. Kilian," I mumbled.

"Oh, the bride," he smiled. "Hav you found a decent place to live The housing situation is really some thing around here."

"We have a little apartment."

"Furnished?" he asked, as if h were really interested.

"Partly," I laughed, beginning t relax. "But we're still eating off th top of a packing box."

"You know," he said warmly "that kind of living can be fun. Hav you discovered how many thing you can manufacture out of orang crates?"

"We're learning," I answered, an found myself babbling on and o about our carpentering triumph Mr. Williams was looking straigh at me, even leaning forward a bi as if to catch every word.

The evening was saved. His gif of complete attention was priceles —and taught me a lesson I hop never to forget.

There are people on everyone Christmas list who would be equa ly thankful for such attention—th shy newcomer; the old man dow

Gift Is You

My friend had searched since July for my present—a duplicate of her basket, which I had admired.

he street who needs, more than anyhing else, somebody who cares nough to listen to the often-told ales of his youth; the harassed vidow who would like to discuss ne problems she faces as she raises er two children alone. You easily an make up your own list.

In our hurried and harried soiety, time is a precious commodity. t makes a valuable gift, but it needn't be given all at once. One woman in modest circumstances solved the problem in a unique way. She gave her married nieces and nephews a certificate promising a number of hours of her time as baby sitter during the following year.

Parents can give their children the Christmas promise of one evening a week solely for family fun, or one week end a month for special family outings. It's the answer to the wail of many a modern child: "Daddy never has time to take me fishing; on Saturdays he's always playing golf or off on a trip!"

Each of us knows best what part our own life can play in the happiness of those around us, for love makes us understanding. What better example do we have than Christ —who so unforgettably gave himself?

Do Christmas Cards Miss the Point?

Amid claims that the Christmas season has become a tug of war between religious and commercial interests, we often hear charges that Christmas cards only obscure the holiday's real significance. Here are the views of three interested persons:

Increasingly popular UNICEF cards lack tinseled commercial frills.

'They can be truly Christian'

Seward *Hiltner*, Professor, Princeton Theological Seminary, Princeton, N.J.

HAVE CHRISTMAS cards become a cultural habit drained of their original meaning until they are only further evidence of the commercialization of what should be a uniquely religious festival? Or are they an authentic personal expression of the desire for peace on earth, beginning with those men of good will who are our friends?

Fortunately, we decided to think through these questions just after the Christmas rush subsided. To our surprise, this reappraisal of our attitudes toward cards left us with the conviction that we are more wholeheartedly in favor of them than ever before. Not all cards under all conditions, but most cards under most conditions.

Had we waited until autumn, we undoubtedly would have been influenced by such mundane considerations as: Can we afford them? Where did we put that list? What kind shall we send? Who will address them?

Our favorable decision was also tempered by memories of Christmas two years ago, when we were in New Zealand for the school year. Airmail service to the U.S. was fast and reliable, but far too expensive for a long list of Christmas greetings. Surface mail required from one to two months for delivery. So it was that in October, 1959, we faced the issue on a now-or-never basis.

As it turned out, it was never. Simple inertia and our perennial uncertainty about cards—which usually yielded to sheer desperation around the middle of December—persisted until it was too late to send cards to the U.S. by ship mail, the only method we could afford.

Our sense of guilt grew as that Christmas neared and became almost overpowering with arrival of the first cards from home. We already had resigned ourselves to the temporary cutting off of many lines of communication. But here came assurance that those lines, while perhaps less active than usual, still were intact.

By October of last year, we had been home for several months, and the thought and threat of Christmas cards again had gone underground. It emerged abruptly when we received a card from a New Zealand friend, obviously even more suspicious of the mails than we and possessed of the foresight characteristic of his countrymen.

Chronological priority in greetings plainly belonged to our new friends in New Zealand and Australia. Once we started mailing them out, we found ourselves less inwardly divided about Christmas cards than ever before. They seemed a natural response to the friendship and hospitality we had encountered abroad.

But by the time the last overseas stamp had been licked, gloom set in again. We still were confronted by the entire U.S.! Christmas cards were a *problem*. Our lists—haphazard at best—were at least a year out of date and all the alternatives in types of cards seemed wrong.

We finally settled on a family snapshot signed individually by each of us. It took a lot of time and effort but nothing we have ever done—or not done—about Christmas cards has left us feeling so satisfied.

A distinguished friend wrote us in January: "I was pleased to see the picture of you and your family. We don't send Christmas cards, but we sure like to get them—especially in this particular form." An elderly woman friend wrote twice to express her pleasure at "seeing" us again.

The photograph and the penned signatures had been a personal message. Since we had posed for the snapshot beside a globe symbolizing our trip of the previous year, it constituted a report on our travels.

Our conclusion is not that all Christmas cards should be snapshots although we now believe that these have a more unique personal value than we had thought before. It is rather, that any genuinely personal greeting may carry—as ours did—fa

ore meaning than the sender has e wit to anticipate.

Having for once come off fairly ell as senders of cards, we turned a reappraisal of ourselves as re-ivers. In previous years our own or performance would have made ch analytical bravery unthinkable. Actually, our friends' cards fared azingly well on re-encounter. In e hastily scribbled "Merry Christ-as from Susan and Pete," we found e could see a picture of Pete work-g late at the store while Susan sat neath a late-burning lamp, shuf-ng through old address lists and uttering under her breath about arting early next year.

Even in the penned, single-line te we could envision the hustle d bustle of the holiday season at e Greens' house, and each of e many family photographs trans-rted us for an instant to firesides e remembered well. Many of our iends have been won over to the mily-letter card, and even mimeo-raphed accounts of the past year in familiar household gave us the feel-ng of renewed fellowship.

Not all the cards we received, of urse, came off scot-free in our criti-al appraisal. A large "Season's reetings" followed by a printed Mr. and Mrs. John B. Smith and amily" is difficult to fit into our onception of personal communica-on. And the flashy, tinseled cards rom business firms or politicians fac-ng another election seem somehow o dilute the Christmas spirit with lien interests.

We are not initiating a campaign gainst officials and businesses that re developing the Christmas-card habit, and we concede that there may even be some merit in their saying—once a year—that the spade of vested interest has its handle wreathed in holly and ivy. But we still can discern the spade through the greenery, and they should not regard us as nasty just because we are perceptive.

Christmas greetings come, then, in all gradations from the warmly personal at one end to the coldly impersonal at the other; and our conclusion is that they accomplish their mission exactly to the extent that they are personal.

Since this article comes from a Christian minister's home, you may wonder why we have not discussed the religious aspects of Christmas cards. Frankly, we believe the personal revelation of friendship *in* a card is more important than explicitly religious messages *on* them. We believe this needs to be said by people who manifestly do not take Christmas lightly as a Christian observance.

You cannot celebrate Christmas with a card. This must be done in, with, and through the church. We know that the search for cards with a true Christian interpretation has great personal and religious meaning for many people, but it must not become a substitute for true worship. Cards can convey the real spirit of Christmas without becoming a conspicuous confession of religiosity.

Many people feel that some other day might be better set aside for the annual exchange of personal greetings, but the connection between the birth of our Lord and the good will manifested in friendship is not accidental. Love of our fellow men is one of the purest expressions of true Christian feeling.

Hardly anyone can escape Christmas cards, whether he only receives them, sends them, reads them, counts them, blesses them, or feels guilty about them. For *our* part, we think they have an important place in the Christmas season. And we think their constructive and personal meanings can be enhanced by reflective reconsideration.

Profits from sales of UNICEF cards go to the UN Children's Fund.

'They're a cultural capitulation'

Gerald Forshey, Pastor, Armitage Avenue Methodist Church, Chicago, Ill.

AS A SEMINARY student, I delivered mail during the Christmas holidays one year, and on my route was an elderly woman who sat on her porch awaiting each delivery. Her face bore the marks of loneliness and anxiety, but she would wait patiently as I passed down the other side of the street and then doubled back to her house.

Each day I would sift through the mass of cards in my bag to see if someone had remembered her. When she did receive a card, she would tell me who it was from and as much about her as she could remember.

The morning of December 24, she still had not received a card from her only son, an Army lieutenant stationed hundreds of miles away. But on my last delivery of the day, as she waited on the porch with a gift for me, I presented her the long-awaited card. She showed it to me —a large card bearing a picture of her son and his family, with their names printed below the MERRY CHRISTMAS. Scribbled across it were the words, "Love from us."

This incident exemplifies my reasons for opposing Christmas cards. In her desperate loneliness, the woman was misled into resting her hopes for happiness on a casual expression of human love. I knew the gnawing ache would soon return and that all the Christmas cards in the world could not stop it. For she had missed the real meaning of Christmas found in the joyous message of the Incarnation.

Christmas is the Incarnation—the moment in history when God declared to men, trapped by their own desires and frustrations, that he is their salvation and that his love alone can accomplish it. We seek salvation vainly in the love of a mother for her child, or even in the love between man and woman. It must be found instead in God's love, which may be manifested in these and other human relationships.

The message of the Christmas story

—stripped of the inns, mangers, livestock, and other stage settings—is that God came to dwell in man, to share man's common life and frustrations, and, with his redemptive power, to bring hope to a desperate world.

The "Merry Xmas" cards are a cultural capitulation—glossy harbingers of superficial religion and insensitive spending. Many come with printed signatures, so we need only to address and send the envelopes (saving a penny in postage by not sealing them). Personal feelings are filtered out until true friends and loved ones are only a part of The List, along with the people at the office, the circle members, and those high-school chums who were affronted to learn that you passed through their town last summer without stopping to visit.

Some may protest that Christmas cards express a legitimate wish for "peace on earth, good will toward men." Admirable as this wish may be, it is not the message of Christmas, but rather just one of the joys God made available to man through the Incarnation. And the wish tends to obscure the true message, so that the lonely widow continues seeking the meaning of Christmas in expressions of good will and human love, rather than in the Christ event. We settle for mush when a banquet has been prepared for us!

Actually, most Christmas cards are not sincere expressions of good will. They are too often only cards bearing verses which go unread, pictures which are instantly forgotten, and signatures obviously scribbled in assembly-line haste. It is usually social pressure rather than the spirit of love that causes them to be sent.

The Christmas card could be redeemed. We could express our joy in the Incarnation by showing concern for the lives of others in relationship to a visual expression of what the Christ event means to us. But, given our cultural climate and the compulsion to send cards to any and all whose names we can remember, it hardly seems likely.

Cards contribute to our evasion of the real spirit of Christmas by watering it down to a celebration of the winter solstice, with bells, yule logs, Santa, and the nauseating sentimentality of *White Christmas*.

Only when we send Christmas cards out of love and concern, when our expenditure of time exceeds our expenditure of money, and when we conceive of the addressee as a brother in Christ will they be proper expressions of joy. For God must remain at the center of our rejoicing, and the Incarnation must be held as the central fact of Christmas.

'You can't dis-card real friends'

Margaret de Rose, Housewife and Free-lance Writer, Tucson, Ariz.

MY HOLIDAY good humor was stretched nearly to the breaking point as I sat down to unscramble the final bits of festive debris. It was January and still the greeting cards came, many of them bearing names which must be added to our address list for next year. But already that list approached the size of a small telephone directory!

"We simply *must* do something about this Christmas-card list," I muttered.

My husband lowered his newspaper just enough to reveal the trace of a smile. "Like what?" he asked.

"Well, like cutting it in half," I replied. "We add new names every year, but never eliminate an old one."

"Aren't they all our friends?"

"Oh, you know what I mean. Some of them we knew only briefly, and others we haven't seen in years. Let's cross them off."

"Well-l-l, yes. I see."

As my husband returned to his paper, I ran my pen down the list of names again. Some near and dear, others only pleasant memories. But how do you *dis-card* friends? There had to be a system. . .

What about Thelma? I last saw her 20 years ago in Massachusetts, before I married and settled in Arizona. We had no common interests and probably never would meet again. She did not send us a card last year; we did not send her one this year. So what came in yesterday's mail? A cheery card from Thelma!

No doubt she had decided to do a little carving a year ago, and then our card had come and our name had gone back on the list. What a merry-go-round!

But some of the names simply had to go. My pen moved on.

Maybe I could delete the sergeant and his wife. We said good-by to them eight years ago in Japan. Then I remembered Christmas Day, 1952. Ralph had preceded me to Japan where he was supervising construction work on an air base near Hiroshima, and met me at Tokyo Haneida airport. The only quarters he had been able to find consisted of a spare bedroom offered by a young sergeant and his wife. It was late in the afternoon—cold and gray—when a taxi deposited us at their door.

I shall never forget the heartwarming welcome by Wilma and Jack. They had even waited Christmas dinner for us! Far from home and lonely, we felt as if we were among old friends. No, you do not eliminate people like that!

But there were lots of other people we had not seen for ages and never expected to see again. Why not drop them? If we could only be sure. . .

We had continued to exchange cards with Helen and Bill for years after they sold their ranch and moved away, and then last December we had the loveliest surprise! Helen and Bill came back to Arizona, and over luncheon in our home we picked up the threads of friendship as if it had been 10 days instead of 10 years since we had been together.

Maybe someday a cold, impersonal polling organization will send out questionnaires asking everyone if he would like to get off the Christmas-card merry-go-round. But until they do. . .

"How many names did you cut off the list?" my husband inquired.

"None," I said meekly.

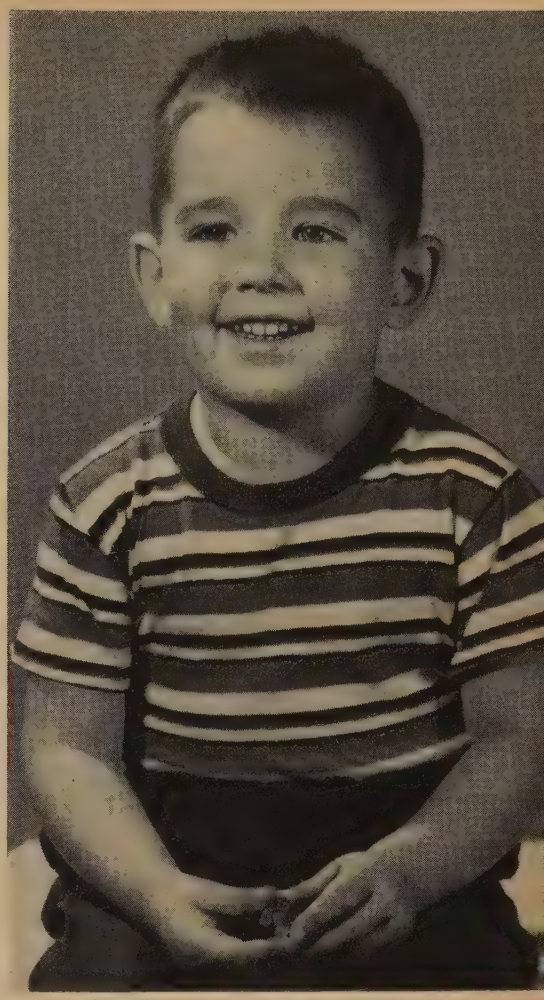
He smiled. "I'm not surprised. You can't cut friendship and love out of your life with a stroke of the pen."

How true! Pete and Sally sent us a card this year, but we did not send them one. Next year we will send them a card and they will not send us one. But the year after that we will be back on schedule again, back on the same old merry-go-round. But it is a nice merry-go-round.

this mother's heart at Christmas
ere is always room for happiness, as well
sadness, when she thinks of—

Dougie

By IMOGENE SORLEY



"He talked with a drawl and walked with a little boy's shuffle . . . And he did have leukemia."

HYSICALLY and emotionally hausted after days of comforting ougie while the doctors made their dless tests, I could not make my nd accept the report I had just ceived: "Six weeks. Maybe six onths."

Turning away, dazed, I noticed at the pretty nurse behind the desk here we had been talking was angely pale and silent. She must ve known what I had only sus-cted. On her desk was a small box tissues, and I thought irrelevantly at a hospital really should keep rger tissues handy for mothers of tle boys with leukemia.

Of course, it could not be true! ootin', tootin' little daredevils like ougie did not have serious illnesses. ougie was all boy, chugging around e back yard with the seat of his overalls flapping, and running and laying like an uninhibited Coman-he. He talked with a drawl and alked with a little boy's shuffle. nly two and a half, he was the cond of our three little boys. And e did have leukemia.

Dougie caught a cold a week be-re Christmas. By Christmas day he as fine, but on the 27th he com-lained that his knee "hurt all over e place." He cried and I sat with im in front of the fire all night.

Now, on the night of January 12—r the first time in more than a eek—I went home to bed. The ouse was cold, and I was too ightened and grief stricken to sleep. cried and I prayed.

At first I prayed that the diagnosis would be wrong: "Let it be something else." Then I wrestled with: "Why did it happen to us?" Finally I pleaded: "Heal our child with a miracle."

I do not know how long it was before I could pray: "It's all right, God. Whatever happens, it's all right." And it was. I slept that night without awakening.

We drove through the rush-hour traffic of Dallas the next morning to the Wadley Research Institute and Blood Center. We felt that we alone, of all the people in the world, were facing tragedy. We were surprised to see several children in the waiting room.

After blood and bone-marrow tests, we went into the doctor's office. He said simply, "I must confirm your doctor's diagnosis."

Dougie was admitted to Baylor Hospital the next morning, and again I could be with him.

Long days in a hospital can get dull, so we invented diversions. I learned to play *Davy Crockett* on a ukelele and we entertained the whole floor. We read stories, too. Doug studied one picture of angels a long time. "Is there boy angels?" he asked.

"Yes, of course, there are boy angels."

"Well, I've never seen any with britches on," he commented. "I wouldn't mind being an angel, but I sure would hate to wear a dress."

Eighteen days of tests and treatments, then Dougie went into remission. What a strange and blessed thing! The deteriorating processes reverse. Leukemia declares a truce. The child looks healthy, feels fine.

How good it was to be home, and to have our boys together again! One day at mealtime, as I was standing by Dougie's chair, the little fellow reached over and caught my hand in his and kissed it. Oh, my heart!

Friends sometimes said, "What a terrible burden you live with, this knowledge that Dougie's days are numbered." And it was, of course. But how privileged we were: now we could make the most of *every* day. We could be more patient, more understanding, more loving: not only with Doug, but with Jim and Mark, too.

Naturally, the boys asked about sickness and death during Dougie's illness. We never tried to keep the nature of his condition from them, or to side-step the fact of death. One

getting along Together

While still a college student, I preached an evening sermon in a small church. At the close of the service, when I was meeting parishioners at the door, one elderly lady surprised me with: "Well, come back some time when you don't have to preach."

—Rev. Calvin C. Rice, *Reese, Mich.*

The advice that has served me best in marriage came from my father-in-law when my wife and I had our first quarrel: "Every time her mother and I have an argument," he confided, "I have the last word."

Not believing him, but struck by his apparent seriousness, I asked, "But how do you do it?"

"It's simple," he smiled, "I apologize."

—Napoleon Owen, *Rye, Colo.*

Our son, Jim, was born with a cleft palate and lip, so his first five years were a series of trips to plastic surgeons, speech therapists, and orthodontists. Our main concern was to have his speech and appearance normal enough to start school without too much of a handicap.

The first day of kindergarten was very tense. I hovered perhaps a little closer than the other mothers as the children assembled in their room. My heart sank as several children gathered around my son with curious stares and asked, "What's the matter with your mouth?"

Then a little girl, much wiser than her years, placed her arm around Jim and, with a boastful toss of her head, said, "He's had an operation!"

The looks of respect in the other children's faces assured me that Jim would be all right.

—Mrs. Bert Matthews, *Hillsborough, Calif.*

Little tales for this column must be true—stories which somehow lightened a heart. Together pays $5 for each one printed. No contributions can be returned; please don't enclose postage.—Eds.

night, as his grandmother was giving him a bath, Doug remarked, "Granmudder, God is going to make me well. He *may* wait until I get to heaven, but he's going to make me well."

Then one afternoon Dougie asked me to sing a song. He brought a book of Christmas carols and pointed out *O Little Town of Bethlehem*. I asked, "Do you know what Bethlehem is?" He didn't. "Well, Doug, that's the town where Jesus was born." He said, "If Jesus was born in Bethlehem, how did he get all over the world?" I explained, "He didn't get all over the world while he was alive, but after he died he became a spirit, and spirits can go wherever they want."

Dougie thought a minute, then said, "Oh! Well, I'm going to die one of these days pretty soon, and I'm going to be a spirit, and I'm going all over the world just like Jesus. But don't worry, Mommy; I'm still going to stick around pretty close to you and Daddy." My throat tightened and my eyes burned, but my heart sang. I knew that a God who would lead a little child in such a wonderful way would not forsake him or us when what we call "life" is over.

On December 20, just a year after the first signs of trouble, the doctor started other medicines and told us that Dougie was losing ground, and we should take him home and have Christmas together. I called our parents that night to tell them we would be opening Dougie's gifts on the 21st.

After opening the gifts, we went for a drive and stopped for supper on the way home. Dougie began to perk up, and by bedtime the old twinkle was back in his eyes. We called it our Christmas Miracle.

Two months later, he celebrated his fourth birthday, sitting on top of the world with his feet dangling off. Then, abruptly, his condition deteriorated, and on March 6 Dougie, with his bedspread under his arm, was readmitted to the hospital.

Some children cuddle a blanket for happiness and security, but Dougie clung to a chenille bedspread. The first time we were in the hospital, Dougie had cried for the bedspread. So we cut off a big piece and took it to him. The rest was gradually cut into small pieces un only a scrap or two of it was left.

Dougie was never quite himsc again. The time came one nig when he shoved away the tattere scrap of bedspread and asked to held. It was the last time; our bra little boy died. We knew that at la he was no longer weary and ill, th he was truly comforted.

I had wondered and worried abo what five-year-old Jim would d when Dougie was gone. When told him, Jim said simply, "I guesse he'd die pretty soon, Mom. Som times when people are sick a lon time, God just figures it's best they come on home to him."

Jim understood, all right. And Ji remembered.

Christmas came again. We wer trimming the tree, when Jim looke up to see tears in my eyes.

"What's the matter, Mommy?"

"Nothing, Jim," I smiled, puttin a stray icicle back on the tree. " was just missing Dougie."

"I miss Dougie, too. But isn Dougie with Jesus?"

"Yes—"

"And isn't Christmas Jesus' birth day?"

"Yes—"

"Well, then—I 'spect Dougie i having an even better Christmas tha we are."

In his simple faith, Jim didn know that my tears—and the other sure to come—were not all shed i sadness. For the years we shared wit Dougie were blessed indeed.

CHANGE

It is not Loss,
But Absence which appalls—
No happy smile,
No pressing needs to meet,
Only time and space between
And yet, not forgetfulness.

For where Love has grown
There is not Loss,
Only the joy of a Presence gone
For Love that was, still is.
And this again I know:
That Life must have
Some silent halls.

—Eugenia G. Brow

The Gift of the Magi

By O. HENRY

I buy hair,' said Madame. Take yer hat off and let's have a sight the looks of it.' Down rippled the own cascade. 'Twenty dollars,' said Madame."

ONE DOLLAR and eighty-seven ents. That was all. And 60 cents f it was in pennies. Pennies saved ne and two at a time by bulldozing ie grocer and the vegetable man nd the butcher until one's cheeks urned with silent imputation of arsimony that such close dealing nplied. Three times Della counted . One dollar and eighty-seven cents. nd the next day would be Christ-ias.

There was clearly nothing to do ut flop down on the shabby little ouch and howl. So Della did it. Vhich instigates the moral reflection iat life is made up of sobs, sniffles, nd smiles, with sniffles predominat-g.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at $8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid $30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to $20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming "D." But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray back yard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty

dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier glass in an $8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within 20 seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the air shaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knees and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any o the stores, and she had turned all o them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain, simple and chaste in design properly proclaiming its value b substance alone and not by meretri cious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worth of The Watch. As soon as she saw i she knew that it must be Jim's. I was like him. Quietness and valu —the description applied to both Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with

THE MASTER STORYTELLER

Using O. Henry as his pen name, William Sydney Porter wrote over 200 stories before his death in 1910.

AN UNUSUALLY large number of you readers nominated this perennial Christmas favorite, one of the best-known stories in American literature, as a TOGETHER *Reader's Choice* feature. We are reprinting it this month not only because so many apparently want to read it again but also because *The Gift of the Magi*—and the Christmas spirit it so aptly portrays—has never gone out of date. This is true of many stories by William Sydney Porter, who wrote under the name O. Henry.

Like his stories, O. Henry's life was a mixture of human warmth and weakness, tragedy, and comedy. Born in Greensboro, N.C., 99 years ago, he left school when he was 15 and worked in a drugstore. Later, after two years on a Texas ranch, he moved to Austin and became a bank clerk. It was this episode in his life that became tragic—for, in 1896, he was called to stand trial on a charge of stealing funds from the bank. Countless historians have delved into this chapter in O. Henry's life—and the consensus of many is that he was not an embezzler, that his errors were due to loose bookkeeping and not criminal intent. But instead of standing trial, he fled to Honduras. When he returned to his wife's deathbed, he was arrested and served three years in prison.

Upon his release, he embarked on an erratic but highly productive career as creator and master of the "O. Henry twist"—an unexpected ending. His stories—usually sentimental, sometimes hinging on unlikely coincidence—are moving and extremely readable. For O. Henry was that rare combination of talented writer and born storyteller.

The Rev. R. S. Lawrence of Tremont, Ohio, receives our monthly *Reader's Choice* award for being first to nominate *The Gift of the Magi* (from *The Four Million*, by O. Henry, © 1905 by Doubleday & Co., reprinted by permission).

If you have a favorite story or article published at least five years ago, and would like to share it with others, tell us about it. If you're first to nominate it and we use it, you'll receive $25. But please, submit only one nomination at a time, tell us where and when it was published, and, when possible, include a printed copy.—EDITORS.

e 87 cents. With that chain on his atch, Jim might be properly anxious out the time in any company. rand as the watch was, he some- nes looked at it on the sly on ac- unt of the old leather strap that he ed in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her toxication gave way a little to pru- nce and reason. She got out her irling irons and lighted the gas and ent to work repairing the ravages ade by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, ear friends—a mammoth task.

Within 40 minutes her head was vered with tiny close-lying curls at made her look wonderfully like truant schoolboy. She looked at her flection in the mirror long, care- lly, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said herself, "before he takes a second ok at me, he'll say I look like a oney Island chorus girl. But what uld I do—oh! what could I do with 1.87?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made nd the frying pan was on the back f the stove hot and ready to cook e chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled he fob chain in her hand and sat n the corner of the table near the oor that he always entered. Then he heard his step on the stair away lown on the first flight, and she urned white for just a moment. She ad a habit of saying little silent rayers about the simplest everyday hings, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am till pretty."

THE DOOR opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only 22—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as im- movable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror. Nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't live through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again —you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas,' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For 10 seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshiped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

BUT SHE hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts, these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are the wisest. For they are the Magi.

How Christmas Came

THE SCHOOL BUS came rolling down the autumn-colored Kinnikinick Valley. As we got on, 36 classmates and the driver greeted us noisily. Christmas already was in the air. Everybody was talking about what he was going to get his relatives —everybody except Stanley, Sterling, and me. We didn't know what to get our parents.

At Looten County High School I took our problem to Mrs. Vinson, my home-room teacher. She was the teacher I loved best. "We don't want to get Dad a shirt or a necktie," I explained. "And we don't want to get Mom a pair of shoes or something for the house."

"What would you like to give them?" Mrs. Vinson asked.

"Well," I told her, "Mom is 57 and Dad is 68, and we've been thinking we'd like to give them both the education they've always wanted."

Our parents had never had a chance to go to school where they lived back in the Nowhere Hills. With his own hands Dad had built a little church there, but he couldn't read the Bible. He and Mom loved the Book so much that Stanley, Sterling, and I often laid our schoolwork aside to read it to them.

"We've thought of getting them a big Bible," I told Mrs. Vinson, "but they wouldn't be able to read it."

Mrs. Vinson looked thoughtful. "I'll be thinking about this," she promised. "I want to help you."

The multicolored leaves were gone from the trees along our road. Snowflakes zigzagged from the low, leaden clouds and our high hills looked like white blankets against the sky. Our hills were the prettiest hills in Looten County. But the weather was so bad we had to haul supplies to our home with a mule team and wagon. Long icicles clung to the cliffs. And we still didn't know what we were going to give Dad and Mom for Christmas.

They were worth the best. They had worked hard to rear us. We remembered how Dad talked about this wonderful thing called education. He'd talk about it on rainy days when Stanley rode behind him on muleback and Sterling and I rode double on the other mule to the Redbud Rural School. Every time we walked into Looten County High School, with its 900 pupils, I'd think of our little country school with its 20 pupils back among the high Nowhere Hills. Many times Dad and Mom told us they'd rather give us an education than land and money.

It was early December when I talked to Mrs. Vinson again. This time I had an idea: "Has the Bible or any part of it ever been recorded?"

"That's it!" she exclaimed. "That's the present for them. I've got to go to Masonville Saturday and I'll find out if the Bible has ever been put on records."

"Mrs. Vinson, we'll pool our money and go into debt to give them those records," I assured her. "But we'll have to get something to play them on, too—and we'll want the best."

I didn't tell Mrs. Vinson, but if we put together all the money we had saved, we'd have well over $300. Sterling had saved most of this because his purebred Angus heifer took first place at the Looten County Fair. But Stanley and I had also saved every dollar we had made after taking out for clothes and books. Now, we three had pooled our money in the Ranceburg Citizens' Bank.

When the next Monday morning came I couldn't wait to see Mrs. Vinson.

"What did you find out?" I asked.

"Plenty," she answered. "They've got everything you want. But I'm afraid it will be too expensive for you boys. It will cost more than $400."

"We'll get the money," I almost shouted, "if you'll buy it all for us and have it sent to Ranceburg."

When I saw Stanley and Sterling, I told them Mrs. Vinson had found the Christmas present we were looking for.

"Let's buy it regardless of the price," Sterling said.

"I'll give every dollar I got," Stanley said.

"I'll give all I've got," I said.

"Then we'll get it," Sterling said. "Tomorrow at noon we'll draw our money from the bank."

I told Mrs. Vinson we had talked

Nowhere Hills

By JESSE STUART
Famed Teller of Tales and Tennessee Methodist Layman

over and wanted the Bible records om beginning to the end. "And e want an automatic record player iat will bring out the reader's oice as clearly as if he were sitting our living room."

On Tuesday, we drew out all our ioney, then talked to Mr. Cooke in ie loan department. "Can the iree of us make a note and borrow iore money?" I asked.

"You certainly can," he said. "I'll ust you boys. I've been dealing ith your mother and father for 37 ears. Your folks are honest people."

Mr. Cooke made out a $100 note nd we signed it. He didn't ask us hat we were going to do with the ioney and we didn't tell him.

During those last two weeks be- ore Christmas, as we walked along he snowy roads to and from the chool bus, we talked about the resent. Recordings of all the books n the Bible! The whole present cost is $462.95. No parents in Looten County would have a finer present rom their family.

Then, one noon hour, we went vith Mrs. Vinson to her home to ook at the present. When she put on Genesis, I felt like crying. I new what this would mean to our arents. They'd play those records ver and over.

On the day before Christmas I ired John McGlone to take his truck o Ranceburg and haul the present to vhere Stanley and Sterling would neet us with the team and wagon.

Mr. and Mrs. Vinson helped us load the present into the little truck. "I didn't know there was such a thing in the world as a recording of the Bible," Mr. Vinson said. "I didn't know it either," John McGlone said. "I'd like to get this for my mother and father, too. They can't read or write either."

When John and I got back, Sterling and Stanley had the mules there waiting. The mules' bellies were muddy where they'd come through the deep holes filled with ice and mud. The four of us lifted the present from the truck to the wagon, set it on straw, and wrapped it carefully with three old quilts.

"Mr. McGlone," I said, "in a few days I'll have the $5 I promised you for hauling this."

"I'm not going to charge you anything," he replied. "I'm going to get this for my parents—and you gave me the idea. I can't take any money from you now."

Stanley and I stood in the wagon and held the present steady while Sterling drove the mules over the slushy road to our house. Carefully, we carried the present into the front room. Mom was in the kitchen and Dad was at the barn feeding the cattle and milking the cows. We took the crating and wrapping paper from our gift, set up the record player, plugged it in, and finally unpacked the recordings.

We asked Mom and Dad not to go into the room until morning. "All right," Dad joked, "but I'd like to know what this is all about when I can't go into all the rooms of this house."

Christmas morning we arose at four. This was our usual getting-up time because we had livestock, chickens, hogs, and sheep to feed and cows to milk. But even before we fed the animals we went into the parlor.

"What kind of furniture is that?" Mom asked.

"Wait a minute," Stanley said. He walked over and pressed a button. Then in seconds came the voice: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Mom and Dad looked at each other. "And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

"It's the Bible," Dad said slowly. "It's the Bible being read for us."

Mom stared like somebody who was standing there asleep.

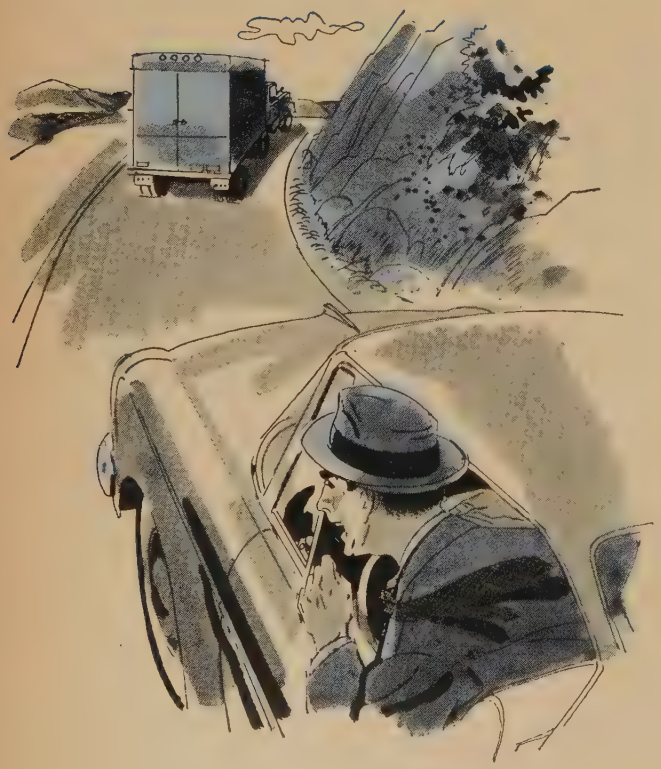
"Helen," Dad told her, "we'll start at the beginning and hear it all, and read the Bible through together for the first time." He took her hand in his and looked at us lovingly.

"I didn't know there was anything in the world like this machine our boys have given us."

Mom was still too dumfounded to speak. Our present had overwhelmed her. But we knew her emotions would soon break loose like torrents in a pent-up spring.

"Little girls congregated on our back porch—guests at a marathon tea party held by Cynthia."

"I worry about almost everything—the Russians, juvenile delinquency, radioactive fall-out."



"My husband has had to give up outbursts of rage at women drivers and trucks."

"He [Gary] has raided his toy chest, piggy bank, and dresser drawers for worthy causes."

his family took the Scriptures to heart—with drastic results!

We Read the Bible Together, BUT...

By JOAN MILLER

A Together in the Home Feature

S BIBLE reading a part of *your* mily's life? I do not mean those ick trips through the church-hool lesson between bites of break-st on Sunday mornings, or looking occasional quotations that come in conversation. I mean honest-to-odness Bible reading—every day, r the whole family—complete with scussions of meanings and applica-ns. Believe me, the results can be volutionary!

How well I remember the innocent ay such a progam started at our use. One evening after dinner, my sband picked up the Bible and ad a few verses aloud. Five-year-d Cynthia snuggled in my lap, and ary, 7, helped his father leaf rough the pages.

They finally decided on the story Abraham entertaining "angels un-ware." The children listened atten-vely to the reading, then we began talk about the idea of hospitality.

I thought at the time that the chil-ren were unusually enthusiastic. ut little did I realize that within 4 hours our house would look more ke a youth hostel than a home.

The next morning, without a word me, the children rushed into an xceedingly literal application of braham's story. From that moment n, our front door was almost never hut. First it was the yardman, in-ited in for a cup of coffee. Then the ew neighbor across the street arrived or lunch, followed by a strange pup vhich devoured the leftovers.

Other "angels" appeared in my itchen in the form of play-grimed oungsters from the ball field. Their aces beamed as they consumed a allon of orangeade and two dozen atmeal cookies.

Little girls congregated on our ack porch—guests at a marathon ea party held by Cynthia.

And this was only the beginning: crippled birds, lonely old ladies, the postman, salesmen, and playground workers soon followed. Strangers became acquaintances, and acquaintances became friends. Thus the meaning of hospitality and brotherhood came home to us.

We had agreed to continue reading the Bible daily for at least a month. By the second evening, I was hoping my husband would choose selections that did not have such direct applications. So, when I heard him begin verses from the Sermon on the Mount, I smiled and slumped comfortably—and wearily—in my chair.

But I had forgotten the words: "Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you."

During the discussion, our son asked whether a Christian could ever dislike anybody. Then in the inevitable application that followed, Gary demanded bluntly: "What about Mom, when she says she could wring the guy's neck who sold her the rotten strawberries? Shouldn't she pray for him instead?"

The family decided unanimously that I should pray for the deceitful salesman. Judged and found guilty, I asked myself why children must be so intense about everything.

But then the foundations of my old attitudes began to crumble. My world, I realized, had always been inhabited by two types of people—those I liked and those I disliked. I dealt with them simply and neatly, befriending those I liked and ignoring the others.

But the Bible says, "Love your enemies." What a shocking teacher Christ was!

The next upsetting passage was not long coming. It was James' discussion of the important little member that "no human being can tame"—the tongue.

I felt the children eyeing me coldly as their father read: "The tongue is a fire . . . an unrighteous world . . . a restless evil, full of deadly poison."

Now I had always considered freedom of speech one of my most valuable rights as an American citizen, and I used it enthusiastically. In fact, I was somewhat noted among our friends for peppery witticisms based on the foibles and faults of certain people who, I felt, were rather ridiculous. This little sport would have to be abandoned, I saw.

But perhaps the most profound—and painful—change in my life and habits came about through an after-dinner discussion of those familiar words in Matthew: "Consider the lilies of the field. . . . Therefore do not be anxious about tomorrow. . ."

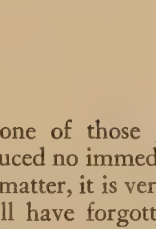
The conversation soon worked its way around to the subject of worry and its place in the Christian life. I felt I was the object of a conspiracy, for nobody else in our family worries much about anything. I worry about almost everything—the Russians, juvenile delinquency, radioactive fall-out, and how we will pay the milk bill.

Well, by the time the children, aided by my spouse, had decided that worry is simply due to lack of faith, I was bowed down in defeat. Ever since, whenever I show the slightest tendency to cry over spilt milk or be dreary about the future, Gary or Cynthia is likely to demand: "What's the matter, Mom, don't you think God can take care of us?"

Oh, yes, another little problem was created by our Bible reading. As our Bible came to be used more and more (certain questions and arguments just cannot be settled without biblical proof), it became more and more difficult to find around the house. I had always liked to see it placed neatly on an antique chest, along with

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency
No. 721

BETHLEHEM TWO WEEKS LATER



By ROY L. SMITH

AFTER reading the story of the birth of Jesus, as reported in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, it is easy to imagine that the little town of Bethlehem was greatly impressed by the divine events that had taken place within its borders.

The strange stories the shepherds and the innkeeper had to tell, the sudden appearance of the Wise Men in gorgeous trappings—these must have been community events of profound interest. Tongues must have been set wagging, strange rumors must have spread, and the rabbi of the Bethlehem synagogue must have answered a thousand questions.

But, oddly enough, no mention is made of any of these things in the New Testament. (As a matter of fact, Jesus himself never mentioned the name of his birthplace. And no Gospel writer mentions any visit Jesus ever made to the village.) More significant is the fact that, so far as we know, no Christian church was formed in Bethlehem during the first Christian century. It is as though the little town dropped completely out of sight. Now thousands of pilgrims and tourists visit the village every year, but during the first Christian century it was ignored.

And yet the birth of Jesus, attended as it was by divine signs, must have been at least a temporary sensation—one of those great stirs which produced no immediate effect.

For that matter, it is very probable that we will have forgotten Christmas, even this year, by mid-January. The festive mood, so artificially stimulated, soon passes, and we toss the Christmas tree, tinsel and all, out into the alley. Unless Christmas means something more than the best retail week of the year, a wonderful time for family reunions or the holidays, it hardly deserves to be called a *Christian* festival.

We have heard much about putting Christ back into Christmas. But even that process is something much more significant than the introduction of religious symbolism into our Christmas greetings. It is even something more than the popularizing of midnight services at the church, and the renewing of pledges to various philanthropies.

Suppose, this Christmas, we celebrate the greatest event in human history by taking the mature Jesus into our hearts. There was a time when allowing the Christ child to be reborn in us might have been esteemed the holiest thing we could do. But for some of us, at least, he should have grown up with the passing of the years; and by this time he should have complete mastery over these disordered lives of ours.

pictures of the children's great-aun and other dust catchers. But now th Bible is used so much that I nev know where it is—in the kitchen, one of the children's bedrooms, or o the back porch.

Now, lest you think I am the on one in the family affected by ou Bible reading, my husband has ha to give up outbursts of rage women drivers and trucks creepin in low gear up steep hills. Anothe pleasure he no longer is allowed fussing over how much money w are spending. "After all," the chil dren will ask him, "doesn't the Bibl say that the love of money is the roo of all evil?"

Gary and Cynthia also have ha their lives turned upside down. Ou son always had been a penny-pinch ing miser, as tight as the bark on tree. His savings account was th envy of the family, but his contribu tions to church, charity, and birth days were disgracefully meage Then we read the tale of the rich young man who could not bear t part with his possessions as Chris commanded.

Well, Gary took this story t heart, and now he is as wildly generous as a master of ceremonie on a quiz show. His savings accoun has shrunk. He has raided his toy chest, piggy bank, and dresse drawers for worthy causes. And ou old books, clothing, and furniture have been scattered all over the city by the Salvation Army, the com munity Gospel center, and the wel fare association. In fact, I nearly lost our best living room chair the othe day. Gary wanted to give it to the youth center's annual furniture drive

And so it goes. God's Word speak to us every day, upsetting our con ventional standards, forcing us t change our whole approach to life

If you want to go on living serene ly, peacefully, and complacently, be ware of the Bible. It is a dangerou book, and a powerful one. Its word will reach right down into you heart, your habits, and your home And once you start reading it, you will not be able to stop. You may begin to enjoy the challenge of the new life it offers you and you family; but be prepared to see the old foundations shake and crumble before the new structure is built upon the solid rock of God's truth.

Seven Artists of Today

By FLOYD A. JOHNSON

WHEN I came back to Chicago late in 1955 to help launch TOGETHER the following October, my experience as a professional artist already had spanned some 30 years to include newspapers, magazines, and advertising agencies in various parts of the East and Midwest. But at no time in my career have I received greater satisfaction from my work than during the past six years I have served as art editor of Methodism's own family magazine.

Mine is a rewarding experience, at least partly because I was born and grew up a Methodist. But more than that, TOGETHER has given me the opportunity to use my artistic interest and ability to communicate the Christian faith. Naturally, as an art editor, my acquaintance and friendship with other artists has continued to expand; and I was pleasantly surprised to find that this group includes a considerable number of Methodists who share my view, and—as their busy schedules permit—enjoy making fresh contributions to the field of religious art. Some of us have joined together in an organization, still in its formative stages, which will be known as the Fellowship of Methodist Artists.

The eight-page color section which follows is a by-product of the interest shown by seven pioneer members of our group. When invited to participate in a pictorial interpretation of a few of our beloved Christmas carols, their enthusiasm was inspiring.

Religious art is a constantly changing and challenging mode of expression—one in which artistic individualism is sharply evident. While many may feel the same sense of reverence, awe, and wonder in *Silent Night,* for example, no two are likely to express their feelings in the same way.

Not all Christmas carols can be classified as hymns, but—like hymns—they are an expression of the excitement and the joy of Christmas. It is with pride, therefore, that we present on the following pages paintings by seven Methodist artists who were asked to put aside their work-a-day brushes and to interpret for their fellow Methodists seven Christmas carols, both old and new.

Frank Wesley, India.

Frank Wesley is a small, dark, intense young man whose name is singularly appropriate for a contributor to *Together*—but decidedly unusual for a native of India. He's the grandson of an Indian Methodist minister (which explains the name), and has produced many biblical paintings. He studied art both here and abroad, and four of his memorable paintings have appeared in *Together*, the first one in December, 1957.

Keith Mardis, Hartsdale, N.Y.

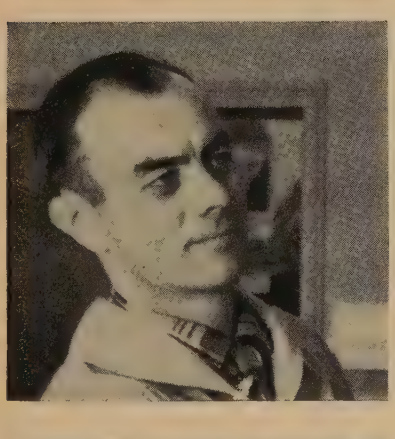
A Methodist since his kindergarten days, Keith Mardis grew up to become an assistant art director for the well-known advertising agency of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn in New York. He studied mechanical engineering and fine arts at the University of Arizona before going on to the Los Angeles Art Center school. A wife, two children (6 and 3), a new apartment, and free-lance work take up his "spare" time.

Arrah Lee Gaul, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Gaul, the daughter of a minister and a long-time member of Old St. George's Methodist Church in Philadelphia, has painted portraits of India's Prime Minister Nehru and other well-known personalities of that country and Japan, and has exhibited in Paris, Tokyo, Hong Kong, and Bangkok, as well as the U.S. She specializes in seascapes and landscapes, not to mention the Japanese, Chinese, Siamese, and Indian subjects for which her ability also has become well known.

Lynd Ward, Cresskill, N.J.

When he was 10, the son of a Methodist minister and a member of the boys choir, Lynd tried to read *Les Misérables* by enclosing it in his hymnal—and would have gotten away with it if the other boys hadn't wanted to read over his shoulder. (Years later he illustrated the French classic for the Limited Editions Club.) He has illustrated some 100 other books, adult and juvenile, among them volumes on John Wesley and Martin Luther. The Wards have two daughters.

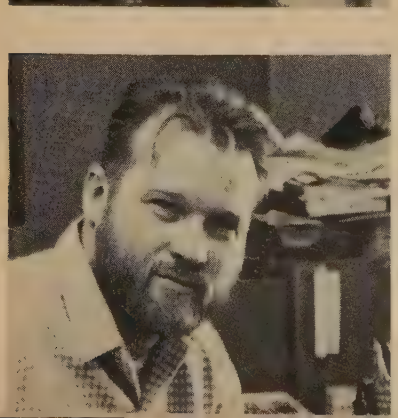


Fred L. Messersmith, Deland, Fla.

He works in both water colors and oils—and if he ever needs a model can find no better than Mrs. Messersmith, who was Mrs. West Virginia of 1958 and a finalist in the Mrs. America contest of that year. Educated at Methodist-related Ohio Wesleyan, he taught art at Methodist-related West Virginia Wesleyan before going to Baptist-related Stetson University at Deland as professor. "But we keep our Methodist family ties," says Fred, the recipient of many art awards.

Jack White, Skokie, Ill.

A Methodist since he joined the church as a boy back in his home town of Bowling Green, Ohio, Mr. White stays busy these days as a graphic-arts consultant who is organizing his own business in educational graphics. Since coming to the Chicago area some 20 years ago, he has illustrated numerous books in the fields of religion and education. A regular contributor of art to *Together* since the first issue, he is the father of four sons, two of whom now are serving in the Navy.



Robert O. Hodgell, Waunakee, Wis.

A Kansas-born graduate of the University of Wisconsin, where he was Big Ten high-jump champion before World War II, Robert Hodgell has illustrated many children's books and magazine articles. His work may be seen in the Library of Congress, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and various Midwestern and college art centers. He also is a wood engraver of note. His well-known painting, *Christ as a Young Man,* hangs in the narthex of his church, Madison's Wesley Methodist.

Seven Christmas Carols

WE LEARNED some of these carols as children in kindergarten; we sang them in choirs, in little churches, in big cathedrals; we took them caroling on wintry nights; and we looked forward to the season they heralded with the impatience of all children. We thought they were as old as the beloved story of the Christ Child—but they are not. Some, in fact, were unknown to our grandfathers. Yet, for all of us, Christmas carols evoke imagery and associations close to our hearts; they help to create in us as Christians a mood of reverence, joy, and expectancy. We do not tire of them as we tire of popular songs, for they are eternal. From them emanates a radiance that glows like starshine through all the years of our lives. They tell of the most important event in history: the coming into the world of Christ, our Savior.

—Painting by Frank Wesley

Away in a manger,
no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
laid down His sweet head.

THESE are the opening lines of *Away in a Manger*, a carol often ascribed incorrectly to Martin Luther. Actually, it may be no older than some who are alive today. *Away in a Manger*, No. 434 in *The Methodist Hymnal*, first appeared as an unsigned poem in a children's book published in 1885. Neither the author of the first two stanzas nor the writer of the third, added later, is known. The tune to which it commonly is sung is only one of some 40 musical settings that have been used. Müller, the tune most often used, comes from an unknown source, but probably is German.

Martin Luther: He wrote many famous hymns—but Away in a Manger *probably is not one of them.*

—Painting by Keith Mardis

Miss Bates: She is also known for America the Beautiful.

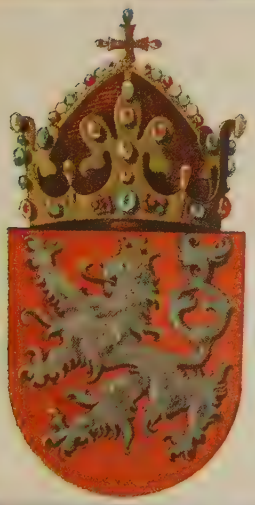
The Kings of the East Are Riding

IN FEW places on earth do the stars gleam brighter than in the arid night skies over the Holy Land. This carol, No. 101 in *The Methodist Hymnal*, takes full advantage of the astronomical splendor of the night that Christ was born. The story of the three kings who followed the Star that night was put into poetry by Katharine Lee Bates, a professor of English literature at Wellesley College, who died in 1929. The music is by Clarence G. Hamilton, a professor of music at Wellesley, who died in 1935.

O Come, O Come Immanuel

WHILE THE tune is that of an ancient plain song which was sung as early as the 12th century, the words come from a Latin translation by the Rev. John Mason Neale, a British Anglican divine who contributed much to hymnology. The version in *The Methodist Hymnal* (No. 83) includes one stanza by Neale and two translated by Henry S. Coffin, once president of Union Theological Seminary in New York. Since the spirit of the song is medieval in thought and imagery, it has come down to us through the years as one of our most unusual and plaintive carols.

—*Painting by Arrah Lee Gaul*



Bohemia's Coat of Arms

Good King Wenceslaus

Good King Wenceslaus looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

—Painting by Lynd Ward

THIS CAROL goes on to tell how the Christian king took food and fuel to the poor man at the foot of the hill. The kindness of King Wenceslaus, who ruled Bohemia (now Czechoslovakia) from A.D. 928 to 935, became legendary, and he was immortalized by troubadors and wandering minstrels after he died at the hands of his own brother. The carol comes down through many hands: the tune from an early Swedish-German hymn collection assembled by Martin Luther, the verses from the Rev. John Mason Neale (1818-1866), an Anglican scholar. Explaining why he chose this carol, Artist Lynd Ward said: "It offers an opportunity to emphasize an aspect of the fundamental concern inherent in the Christmas story, but is too often obscured by the more popular concepts. It may be that today more than ever before, because of our closeness to the underprivileged of the world, we should stress the plight of the poor."

John Henry Hopkins, Jr.: His many carols have a true religious folk-song ring.

We Three Kings

WHEN John Henry Hopkins, Jr., wrote the words and music to this popular carol, he instilled such a strong flavor of the antique into his work that this frequently has been cited as an ancient carol. Hopkins, who died in 1891, was the son of an Episcopal bishop of Vermont, and was recognized as one of the foremost hymnologists in the United States. It was his belief that "the reason why we have so much unsatisfactory musical material thrust upon the Church is that, for the most part, the writers of the words have known little about music, and the writers of the music have had little taste or power in the poetic field."

—Painting by Fred L. Messersmith

—Painting by Jack White

Silent Night

THE beauty and simplicity of *Silent Night* have made it one of the best loved of all carols. It was first sung on a Christmas midnight 143 years ago at St. Nicholas Church in the snow-covered Austrian Alps (see picture at right). Father Joseph Mohr wrote the words after distributing food and clothing to the needy in his Oberndorf parish, and Franz Grüber, a schoolmaster, picked out the melody on a guitar. Today the little Oberndorf church is as famous a shrine as Mozart's birthplace in nearby Salzburg.

—*Painting by Robert O. Hodgell*

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day

AMERICA has known few darker days than those before Christmas, 1863. The bitter battles of Gettysburg and Vicksburg had been fought, and hopes for early settlement of the conflict were faint. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, beloved poet of North and South, was profoundly moved as he thought of the birth of the Prince of Peace. "And in despair I bowed my head: 'There is no peace on earth,' I said . . . . Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: 'God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!' "

Longfellow: In a time of bitter national strife, the bells rang out their reassurance.

TOGETHER/NEWS EDITION

San Francisco Area

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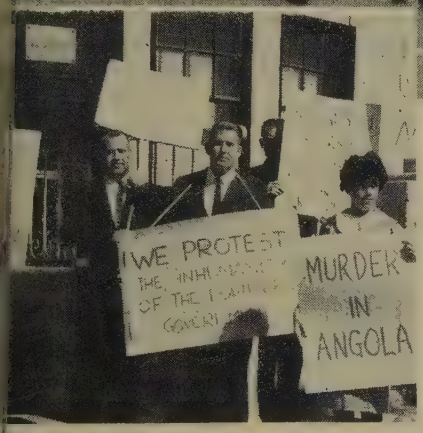


Methodist demonstrators on the march (above) down Geary Blvd. and before the Portuguese consulate which they picketed for a week in October in protest of that government's policies in Angola.

Methodist Demonstrators Protest Angola Policy

Climaxing a week of picketing before the Portuguese consulate in San Francisco, a group of bay area Methodist ministers, students, and laymen staged an early morning prayer vigil and a mile-and-a-half protest march October 16 from Park-Presidio Church to the consulate at Washington and Presidio Streets.

Events more than 5,000 miles away in Angola on the west coast of Africa sparked the placard carrying demonstrators. They were protesting Portuguese policy and alleged atrocities in the civil strife there. They had also confronted consular officials with a prepared statement of the Mission Board in New York, and were demanding information about the fate of hundreds of native Christian ministers, teachers, and laymen killed, imprisoned or missing in Angola. Specifically they asked advice on the whereabouts of four American Methodist missionaries arrested without charge, taken secretly to Lisbon, and still held at that time with no explanation from the Portuguese government.

Antonio S. Bettencourt, San Francisco vice-consul, twice gave the demonstrators audience, but said in effect he could tell them nothing and their pleas should be addressed to the Washington embassy. According to the Mission Board in New York, this source had been equally silent.

The week of picketing aroused neither

(Continued on page A-2)

Western Jurisdiction Evangelism Workshop

The 13-state Western Jurisdiction Workshop on Evangelism for ministers and laymen will be November 27-30 at First Church, Sacramento, according to the Rev. Sargent Wright of San Jose, chairman of the California-Nevada Conference Board of Evangelism.

Headline speaker is Dr. K. Morgan Edwards of the Southern California School of Theology whose subjects are *Theology of Christian Evangelism, Communicating the Gospel Today*, and *Rediscovering the Doctrine of the Church.* Bishop Everett Palmer of Seattle will be the evening preacher. Forum leaders are Lawrence Lacour of Nashville, director of the department of evangelists of the General Board of Evangelism, Harry L. Williams and Paul Hutcherson.

Registration begins at 4 p.m. of the opening day. All inquiries about enrollment and accommodations should be addressed to the Rev. Wright, 1919 Gunston Way, San Jose 24.

Colliver Lectures

Registration for the fifth annual George H. Colliver Lectures at the University of the Pacific, November 27-28, may still be arranged through Dr. Frank A. Lindhorst, chairman of the lectureship.

Author-lecturer Dr. Joseph Fletcher of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., will give four addresses under the general title, *Crisis, Commitment, and Christian Education.*

United Methodist Crusade in Progress

At this writing, more than a month before the hoped-for great day, there is no basis of reporting the results that will have been achieved by the United Methodist Crusade now in midpassage.

Generally, the conference-wide call for $1,547,000 in three-year pledges is being brought to Methodist families between November 5, *Crusade Sunday,* and November 19, *Victory Sunday.* Commitments of well over $116,000 had been reported before the start of the official two-week campaign period by the advance gifts committee, headed by Ted F. Baun of Fresno.

Crusade General Chairman Cliff Pettygrove of Berkeley, and director Reginald West reported good acceptance of the crusade by those responsible for organizational steps at the local church level. The work of district and subdistrict chairmen in co-operation with district superintendents in developing attendance for the series of 26 preparatory workshops between October 1-15, they said was invaluable. Almost 100 per cent of the Conference churches have had delegations at these meetings. In popular demand throughout the Conference is the Crusade filmstrip, they reported, produced by the Commission on Promotion and Cultivation to illustrate the work of the four agencies to be advanced by the Crusade: University of the Pacific, Methodist Student Centers, Methodist Camp and Conference Grounds, and the Fred Finch Home.

METHODIST DEMONSTRATORS

(Continued from page A-1)

the public press nor churches of the bay area to more than nominal response, but the Monday morning march finally began to register some important attention from the area newspapers, broadcasters, and national news magazines.

Principal torch bearer and spokesman for the protesters was the Rev. R. Ted McIlvenna, pastor of Wesley Church, Hayward. Based on Mission Board and other sources he charged the Portuguese government not only with the arresting of American missionaries, but with the illegal use of NATO arms in a "genocidal war." He claimed evidence that 25 per cent of all able bodied Methodist men in Angola have been "murdered." He said it is believed that there have been far more casualties in Angola than in the Congo.

The Mission Board statement was harshly critical of Portuguese action in Angola and of "killings, arrests and executions of Africans without proper and impartial trial." "Racial, economic, and political inequalities have so intensified the situation that it now threatens to explode into war of extermination," the statement said.

The list may not be complete, but ministers who participated during the week of demonstrating included Alfred S. Dale, Jr., Wesley Foundation minister in San Francisco; Ronald Murdoff, associate at Park-Presidio; Booker T. Anderson of Easter Hill Church, Richmond; William Porter, Wesley Foundation, Berkeley; Charles Woodworth, minister of education at First Church, Oakland; R. Vaughn Smith of the San Lorenzo Church; Don Mueller of Grace Church, Oakland; Robert Schwartz, assistant at Court Street Church, Alameda.

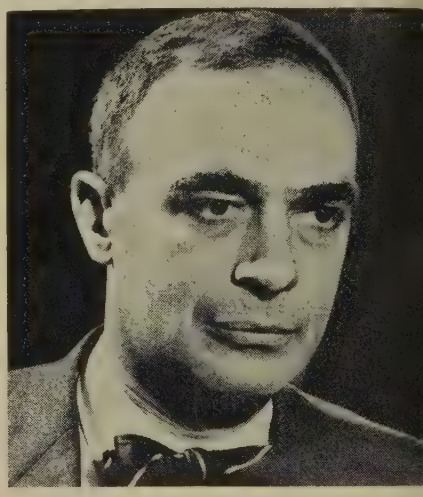
Mrs. C. O. Twiford, with spade, and members of the Community Methodist Church of Earlimart turn the first earth for a $45,000 education unit and youth sanctuary on October 9. During its golden anniversary year the church has received 31 new members toward a goal of 50. John Saylor is chairman of the building committee.

Regional Youth Convocation at UOP

The World We See—The World We Seek is the intriguing theme which will motivate the addresses, seminars, workshops, and discussion groups for 600 young people at the big Regional Convocation of Methodist Youth at the University of the Pacific in Stockton, December 27-31.

Milton Mayer, author, newspaperman and lecturer of international reputation, is the big feature among leadership for the convocation.

In order to get fair representation of as many as possible of the hundreds of churches involved, each church will be allowed one youth delegate for each 15 young people active in MYF, WF or MSM groups, up to a total of four. If the 600 maximum enrollment is not filled by December 4, those on waiting lists above the advance quotas will be accepted first. Delegates must have at least junior standing in high school.



Milton Mayer

Ceremonies of ordination are traditional at Annual Conference sessions, but they may also occur in local churches. In a special service at Trinity Church, Berkeley, deacons orders were conferred on the four young men kneeling. Left to right they are Ronald Murdoff, associate at Park-Presidio Church, San Francisco; Victor Matson, assistant at Trinity; and William Porter, Wesley Foundation minister in Berkeley. The officiating group, left to right, Dr. Robert Leslie, Pacific School of Religion; Bishop Donald H. Tippett, Trinity Pastor C. Douglas Hayward, and K. Fillmore Gray, minister of Church of the Wayfarer, Carmel.

Death of Annie B. Cheek

Annie Bransford Cheek, widow of the Rev. Solomon M. Cheek, who served churches in the Fresno District and in Southern California and Arizona, died September 20 in Dinuba at age 82. She was born in Fulton, Kentucky. Her son are the Rev. Maurice B. Cheek, pastor of the Dos Palos Church, and Dr. John L. Cheek, professor at Albion College.

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strife, the bells rang out their reassurance.

'Panama' Miller Dies

Bishop George A. Miller of Oakland, ...ted California minister and a bishop of ...e Methodist Church since 1924, died ...ctober 12 at age 93. A towering figure ...f California Methodism he became best ...nown for his pioneering missionary ...ork in Panama and his administration ... several episcopal areas in South and ...entral America. Bishop Miller is sur...ived by a daughter, Dr. Evelyn Miller ...erger, a psychologist of Oakland.

A native of Mendon, Illinois, and a ...tanford University graduate of 1899, ...iller was awarded a Doctor of Divinity ...egree by the University of the Pacific ... 1910. Starting in 1896 at the Hanford ...ethodist Church he served local pastor...es for 20 years. They included First ...hurch, Fresno, First Church, San Jose, ...entral Church of Manila, P.I., and Grace ...nd Hamilton churches of San Francisco. ...uring this period he also did field work ...or the American Bible Society and ...he Methodist Board of Foreign Missions. ... California Methodist Youth at an Ep...worth League Institute in 1916 raised ...irst-year salary and travel expenses to ...end Miller to Panama where he organ...ized the first Methodist mission station. ...Two years later he went to Costa Rica, ...he first representative of any Protestant ...denomination to enter that country and ...tart mission work.

In 1919 he was named executive secre...ary for South American Missions of The ...Methodist Church, and in 1924 was elected ...bishop. Until his retirement in 1936 he ...administered the work of the church ...n three Latin American areas with episcopal residence first in Mexico City, then ...in Buenos Aires, and finally in Santiago, ...Chile.

In his retirement years he served as ...acting pastor of the Lafayette, California, ...Methodist church from 1943 to 1949, and ...as chairman of the Latin American sec...tion of the Commonwealth Club of Cali...fornia.

Bishop Miller is the author of scores of ...stories and articles, many turning on the ...life of the church and missionary ad...venture. Most notable among his 24 book ...titles are *Prowling About Panama* and ...his autobiography, *Growing Up.*

Bishop George Amos Miller

Concerns Commission Asks More Than Shelters

A statement deploring the "current emphasis on fallout shelters" and urging more accent on securing peace, was sent October 13 to President John F. Kennedy and Robert J. McNamara, U. S. secretary of defense, by the Board of Christian Social Concerns of the California-Nevada Conference.

The Rev. Robert W. Moon, minister of First Church, Fresno, said the statement was developed at a San Francisco meeting of the board on October 7, attended by 30 members. Twenty-eight voted to adopt the statement, one voted against and one abstained. The text of the statement:

"While we are concerned with the suicidal danger of nuclear war, we deplore the current emphasis upon fallout shelters and the accompanying talk about killing neighbors seeking refuge. These indicate a deterioration of our society and foster emotional isolation and mistrust. As Christians we must be concerned for the security of all our neighbors—citizens of the United States and the Soviet Union and all nations.

"Peace is the urgent need of all nations and is the only real defense from nuclear war. Therein, and not in underground shelters, lies our real hope for human survival."

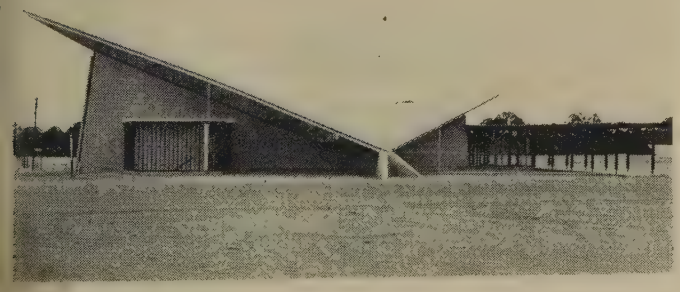
Vocations Conference

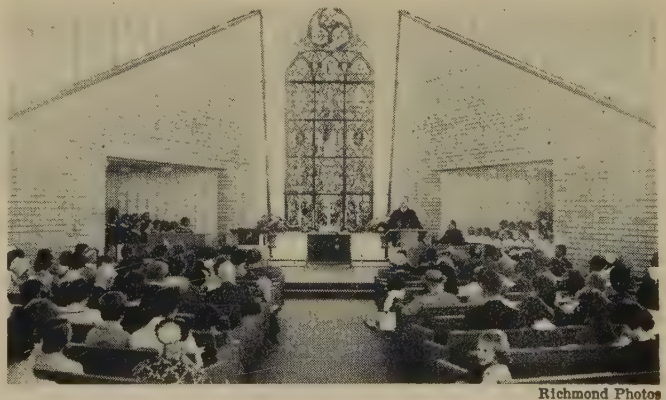
Vocational and career opportunities in the church and its associated agencies will be put before California-Nevada Conference high school and college young people in the Church-Related Vocations Conference at White Sulphur Springs, Napa County, December 8-10. Methodist Youth Fellowship and Wesley Fellowship counselors in all churches have received advance announcements and registration forms. Applications should be received by the Youth and Student Division Office, P. O. Box 467, San Francisco 1, by December 4.

The Methodist Church has openings for at least 9,230 full-time workers annually, according to Richard H. Bauer of Nashville, executive secretary of the Interboard Committee on Christian Vocations. These include ministers, missionaries, teachers at various levels including college, directors of Christian education, Wesley Foundation and student center directors, doctors, nurses, medical technicians, editors, publicists, writers, music directors, business managers, and other categories.

The December conference is planned for students who have decided on church-related employment but need information on the areas available and the training required, and students with vocational and professional fields in mind who do not know the possibilities of these professions within the church. The program will also examine the fundamental motives for entering church-related services.

To explore what The Methodist Church can do in its own life and in the community to secure better race relations, the first meeting of a San Francisco Area Regional Consultative Committee will be held December 1 at Central Church, Stockton. The Rev. Quincy K. Hamilton of Sacramento, chairman, said the 30-member group represents the several racial and language congregations of the California-Nevada Conference as well as the churches of the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference.





Richmond Photos

On October 15 the Red Bluff congregation moved into its striking new sanctuary with its hyperbolic paraboloid roof, and walls of a gold pumice block and glass. The nearly 30-foot window was recovered from the old church after a fire last September.

For Bishop Donald H. Tippett, center, a rare life membership in Methodist Men. The honor was announced last July before 5,000 men at their national convocation in Indiana. The pin was presented at the White Sulphur Springs planning conference in September by Conference lay leader Judge Clare Pettit of Parlier, right, and Earl Stover of San Anselmo, Redwood Empire District lay leader.

San Francisco visitors on Thursday, November 16, may find an unusual event at Temple Church, Junipero Serra Blvd. at 19th Ave. It's the annual Fall Floral Demonstration staged by Mr. and Mrs. Lou Huff.

The September *Church Chat* of the Etna Church (Shasta District) cited Mrs. Bessie Palmer for completing 30 years of teaching in the church school—and she is going right on. "In teaching, as in any work," she says, "God provides the resources, but we must provide the effort. . . ."

Japanese youth of Page Mill Church, Palo Alto, bought a $50 bicycle for the "Revendo" Samuel Onofre of the Methodist Church in Poza Rica, Mexico. Before, his only means of transportation in his city—as big as Palo Alto—was walking.

The Willits-Round Valley Charge, Redwood Empire District, welcome new minister John M. Foster and Mrs. (Helen) Foster on October 1. He was associate minister of First Church, San Jose, his first appointment. They will serve the Willits Church and the Round Valley Indian Mission.

Experimenting in ways to articulate the modern family and the church program, First Church of Nevada City in October began an all-family, 30-minute Sunday worship service starting at 9:15 a.m. It is followed by church-school classes for children and discussion-group classes for the parents. These began with a 13-week New Testament course using the J. B. Phillip's translation.

The church use of fine arts is thriving at First Church, Los Gatos, according to *The Spire* which pointed recently to a fall-semester course in religious drama taught by Mrs. Marguerite Lawson, and the Our Own Member Show in November which will display paintings by more than a dozen First Church artists.

The Federated News of St. Paul's, Manteca, reported in September that the migrant ministry program there was bringing 60 Mexican nationals to the church every Tuesday night. Fellowship, games, devotions, and English lessons by Mrs. Herb Canady are provided. "The nationals are eager to know us and very thankful for the friendship shown to them," says the report.

There's a new parsonage baby at Anderson Valley (Redwood Empire District). She is Florence Joanna, born September 19, to the Rev. David and Betty Strait.

Wayne Armstrong, First Church of Fresno, has won first place in the Art Division of Fresno County Fair for the fourth straight year.

The outstanding scholarship of Rosemary Young, Wesley Church, Bakersfield, has earned her life membership in Alpha Gamma Sigma, college honorary society.

The Junior Sunday School Class at St. Paul's Church, Point Arena, raised $35 for MCOR when they served a Dinner for Others. The menu, including lamb, oat bread, cheese honey, and date butter, was planned by the class members after they studied about Holy Land foods.

The Calvary Beacon, weekly publication of Calvary Church, San Francisco, is now published in a bright new format featuring a full-color cover picture of the church plant at 19th Ave. and Judah St. Unique in the *Beacon* are the colorful Methodist history articles each week by Dr. L. L. Loofbourow. He is author of the recently published book, *Cross in the Sunset,* a history of 50 years of California and California Methodism.

Soo Yun's Fuchsia Gardens at Gualala, Mendocino County, opened October 8, a colorful new industry for the coast town. Green thumbed Soo Yun is the wife of Charlie Field whom she married in Korea in 1955, when she spoke only four words in English. When they came to California she was courageous enough to begin her language study by enrolling in the second grade at the Point Arena elementary school. Ill health interrupted her new education, but now she is being taught again by the Rev. George H. McLane, pastor of the Mendocino Coast Parish, whose teaching is guided by the Laubach Literacy Center in Berkeley. Soo Yun and Charlie Field are members of St. Paul's Church, Point Arena. He is lay leader.

Through the Golden Portal is the title of a sound motion picture produced by the WSCS of St. Mark's Church, Orinda, to show Methodism at work in the Bay Area.

Plans for a new plant for First Church of Santa Cruz, recently received a $100,000 boost from Henry Garrett, chairman of the board of trustees, according to *The Visitor* of October 10. Earlier, the will of Mrs. Garrett disclosed a $20,000 gift for the building fund.

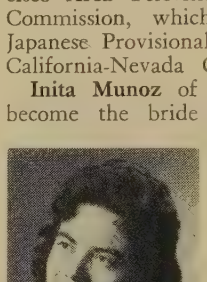
After the death, at age 93, of Mrs. Luella K. Forman, the "Newsheet" of Trinity Church, Bakersfield, reported "On February 21, 1951, she executed a Deed of Gift. By this action Trinity Church was to receive the house and lot of 920 Niles Street when she died, while she retained income from the property during her lifetime. By such a life estate tenancy, upon her death the title immediately passed to Trinity. This action should speak volumes to every person who calls himself Christian. In making a will, we can continue our Christian influence by remembering the church."

Mrs. Ward Miles of First Church, Fresno, teaches a lip-reading class for the senior-citizens program there.

Now it's the "nut camp"—for youth of the Mill Valley Church. In October they harvested several acres of walnuts in Santa Clara with the privilege of marketing the crop to the benefit of youth activities.

The Rev. Lloyd Wake, pastor of Pine Church, San Francisco, Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference, was elected chairman in September, of the San Francisco Area Television, Radio, and Film Commission, which serves the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference and the California-Nevada Conference.

Inita Munoz of Del Rio, Tex., will become the bride of the Rev. Oscar Escamilla pastor of the Byron Church in ceremonies at the First Church of Del Rio, November 25. Ordained and received in full membership in the California-Nevada Conference of the church in 1960, Mr. Escamilla was assistant pastor at churches in El Cerrito and Oakland before coming to his present appointment. Miss Munoz is a senior at the University of Texas. She is an honor student, a member of the Wesley Singers, and an active leader in the Methodist Student Movement group on the campus at Austin.



Inita Munoz

The annual Willson Lectures at Vanderbilt University on the role of the church in educating Christian citizens were delivered October 23-26 by Bishop Donald Harvey Tippett. His subjects: "Man's Insatiable Longing for Freedom," "Need of Community, Fraternity, and Security," "Quest for Beauty Permanence and Equality," "Desire to Be Somebody in Dignity."

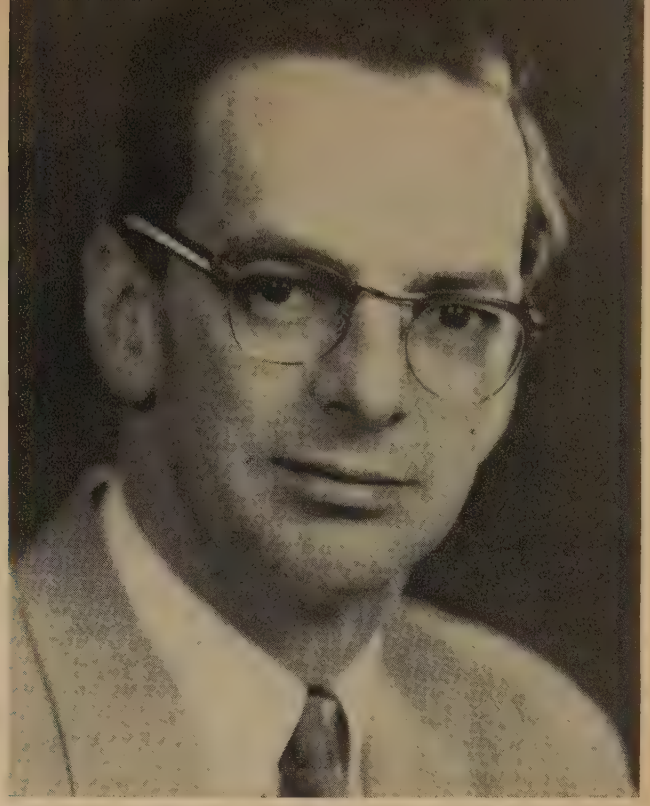
Mrs. John R. (Sally) Kenney is the new editor of the national magazine "The Methodist Woman." A well-known Californian, she is the widow of Dr. John R. Kenney, former pastor of Glide Church, San Francisco, and a district superintendent.

The Rev. William Spencer Linn who first served in the Califonria-Nevada Conference in 1940, and who was a chaplain during World War I, died in October in Yerington, Nev., his last pastorate before his retirement in 1958.

strife, the bells rang out their reassurance.

The Bible: Word of God for Man

By *LAWRENCE E. TOOMBS*
Professor of Old Testament,
Drew Theological School, Madison, N.J.



Born in Canada, Dr. Toombs was a chemist and served as a meteorologist in the Royal Canadian Air Force before deciding to enter the ministry. He also is an archaeologist.

"WHAT DO YOU read, my lord?" Polonius asked Hamlet. To which the melancholy Dane replied, "Words, words, words." Many readers of the Bible can sympathize with Hamlet. After reading long passages of unfamiliar words describing outworn customs and long-dead people, they are likely to conclude that, if the Bible contains the Word of God, it is "as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff." As a result Christians may venerate their Bible, but many of them do not take it seriously as the indispensable foundation of their faith, and instead look for the real meaning of Christianity in good deeds, worship, or sociability. Therefore, the question, "In what way do the words of the Bible represent or contain the Word of God?" is a pressing question for any statement of faith.

From one point of view the words that appear on the printed pages of the Bible are undeniably human words. They have all passed through the minds of particular men and bear the stamp of the author's personality upon them. Amos' words stab like the point of a rapier; Jeremiah's often dissolve in sorrow or doubt. Even in translation the words of the Bible reflect ways of thinking quite foreign to the 20th century. They refer to political events which belong to ancient history, and the modern reader may be pardoned for asking whether what God said at the siege of Jerusalem in 701 B.C. has anything to do with him. This human and time-bound quality of much of the biblical writings sharpens our question and gives it the form, "How can human words contain the Word of God?" How this question is answered depends on what one understands the Word of God to be.

A historian, a man of letters, an atheist, and a devotee of prophecy sit down in their studies to read the Bible. The historian is looking for facts about the Assyrian Empire and finds the Bible an extremely useful source book. The literary man is bent on improving his English style and greatly admires the clarity and force of biblical literature. The atheist, searching for material to aid him in his attack on Christianity, finds considerable support in the Old Testament conception of the Deity as a war god. The prophetic reader is interested in what will happen to Russia in the next 25 years, and, having the key to prophecy, he is satisfied that he has worked out an accurate prediction. Each of our imaginary readers has been a close and careful student of the Bible, but none has heard the Word of God.

The young Augustine fought a long personal battle for a sense of meaning in his life. He studied the Scriptures, but they appeared "unworthy to be compared with the dignity of Cicero." He turned from them to an eager pursuit of the various philosophies of his day. Intellectual insight came from these studies, but the man himself remained in doubt and near despair. At this crisis in his experience he read Romans 13:13-14, and for the first time heard the words as if they had been spoken to him. The command "Put on the Lord Jesus Christ" was no longer a remote sentence in a book. It had stepped from the pages, entered his personal life, and become a transforming and re-creating force in his

experience. Through the words of the Bible, Augustine, unlike our four hypothetical readers, had heard the Word of God.

The coming of the Word of God is frequently described in the biblical stories, and it always shows the same characteristics as in the experience of St. Augustine.

First of all, the Word is not subject to human control. It cannot be turned on and off like water in a tap, but it is spoken at the time and place and in the way which God chooses. Elijah, for example, waited in vain to hear the voice of God in the storm and earthquake, where he believed it ought to be found, and encountered it, quite unexpectedly, in the "still, small voice." Reading the Bible cannot be a mechanical and automatic reading of the Word of God. It is, rather, a humble and reverent waiting for God to speak his living Word through the words which are being read.

In the second place, the Word of God is personal and specific. God calls his servants by name and speaks directly to them as individuals. Abraham at his home in Haran, Moses in the desert, Samuel at Shiloh, and Paul on the road to Damascus all heard God's Word directed specifically to them and to the situation in which they were at that moment involved. This does not mean that the Word of God is a private matter. To Abraham, Moses, Samuel, and Paul the Word was a challenge to recognize and to meet the need of their people; and in each case it produced results of incalculable importance for the history of mankind. Initially, however, it came with the impact of a Word intended for their ears alone.

As seen in the lives of these men the Word of God is, therefore, a creative Word. It shaped a new personality in those who heard it, and working in and through them it became a creative force in society and history. In keeping with this thought the writer of Genesis 1 represented the universe itself as created by the Word of God.

THE Bible is, thus, not thinking of the Word of God as sentences in some human language which can literally be heard and put down on paper. In biblical thought the Word is nothing less than the life and power of God directed into a specific human situation with a creative purpose. This creative power of God sent Abraham on his journey, called Moses in Midian, formed Israel and gave her existence as a nation, and, through the prophets, pronounced both judgment and hope to the people. The writer of the Fourth Gospel taught that this same creative Word had taken human form and become incarnate in Jesus Christ. The basic sentence in his Gospel states, "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us." For the Christian, the entire biblical teaching concerning the Word of God is captured in a single statement, "Jesus Christ is the Word."

If this understanding of the Word is correct, it follows that we cannot simply put an equals sign between Bible and Word of God and think of the one as exactly the same as the other. Nor can we regard the Bible as containing the Word of God as a picture puzzle may contain a face concealed in the picture. The Word of God is contained in the Bible in the same way that Jesus Christ is contained in the New Testament. Jesus Christ is himself the Word and remains always independent of what is written about him. The Gospels fill the vital role of *witnesses* to His life, death, and Resurrection, and to the significance which the early Church attached to these all-important events.

In the same way the Scriptures as a whole contain the Word of God because they, too, bear witness to the fact that the Word of God was spoken and heard.

We have made the point that the Word of God is an effect God in action. The written words of the Scriptures are obviously not this primary divine activity, but are a report or record of it. The quality of the record is, however, not the same as that of a newspaper reporter's account of an event. The Bible is everywhere a declaration that the events which it describes were shaped, not by human power, but by the utterance of the Word of God, that is, by the coming into the situation of the creative power of God.

READ in the light of this conception of the Word, the Bible takes on a new dimension of life and vitality. It ceases to be a handbook of moral rules, or a mine of familiar quotations. It appears, instead, as a unique thing in literature, a continuous witness spanning 2 centuries to the creative presence of God in human life and history. The words of the Bible are significant not because they are themselves literally transcriptions of the speech of God, but because of the unbroken testimony they bear to the presence of the Word of God among his people.

When the Christian declares, "I believe in the Word of God contained in the Old and New Testaments," he is proclaiming his faith in an interpretation of history. The outgoing power of God (his Word), given to men on God's terms and coming specifically and personally to men in their own distinctive situations, is the formative and determining fact in human history. The Word rather than fate, chance, or the laws of politics or economics, shapes the future. This Word became flesh in Jesus Christ, and through the Church which he created continues to exert its creative and transforming power.

But the Christian believes that the Bible is more than a testimony to the fact that God spoke to men in ancient times. In a unique way it brings him into contact with the power of God in his own personal life. In theological language the Bible is not only a witness to the Word but a means of Grace by which the Word is spoken afresh.

A well-known detective story bears the title, *The Murder of My Aunt.* From the beginning the reader expects the aunt to be murdered, but in the last chapter he discovers that the aunt is the murderess. The same misunderstanding of the expression "means of grace" is possible and frequent. They are not the means or techniques by which I can "get" grace, but the means which the grace of God chooses to reach me. The Bible is one of the channels by which God reaches men, transforming the words of the Scripture into a new act of God in the present.

In the concept of the means of grace, the essential difference between St. Augustine and the four imaginary Bible readers becomes clear. The latter are using the

A life-like bronze of Francis Asbury, first American Methodist bishop, stands watch outside Drew's Mead Hall. Founded in 1867, the university is located on New Jersey Route 24 in Madison, only 25 miles from New York City. The Theological School has approximately 280 students.

Bible to achieve their own objectives. Augustine is expectant that through the words God will speak to him. What happens to the saint is not that he understands the meaning of the words he reads. He has done this long before. Rather in the words God *acts* again to resolve Augustine's doubts, to lift him from despair, and to make him a tower of strength within the Church. In this experience of St. Augustine it is not the printed page but the new act of God done in the present which is the Word.

The concept of the Word of God as the one truly creative force in human history and personality, and its corollary that the Bible is the primary witness to the operation of the Word, are among the firmest conclusions of modern biblical scholarship. The Bible seen as a means of Grace by which God's redemptive work goes on in each new generation is one of the oldest convictions of the Church. Together they go a long way toward explaining how the human words of the Bible contain the Word of God.

Since for the Christian, Jesus Christ is the Word and the New Testament witnesses to him, it might be concluded that the Church does not need the Old Testament as part of its Bible. A moment's reflection makes it clear how impoverished the New Testament would be without the record of God's dealings with men contained in the Old.

The Word made flesh in Jesus Christ was not the voice of a stranger, but the fulfillment of many centuries in which God had made himself known to Israel.

But something radically new did happen in Jesus Christ, which transformed the significance of the first part of our Bible. It became "old." It can no longer be regarded as an independent book in which the basic problems of life are raised and answered. These problems are, indeed, raised, but for the Christian their answer is not found in the Old Testament. The law, the prophets, and the writings are the question to which Jesus Christ is the answer, the promise of which he is the fulfillment, the struggle of which he is the victory. To others, the Old Testament may be a unity, self-contained, and complete, but to the Christian it is open-ended, pointing beyond itself to the fulfillment in Christ; and he reads his Old Testament always in the light of Christ.

Archaeology may establish the accuracy of the background portrayed in the Bible, and historical research may demonstrate the trustworthiness of the Old Testament as a historical document. But no amount of scientific investigation will answer the fundamental question, "Was God operative in these ancient events, and through them does he still speak in the 20th century?" Only through faith can a person see himself in the sins, struggles, and triumphs of ancient Israel, and say, "This is not only a history of ancient times, but my own personal history." Similarly only through faith can the Church see herself as the heir to the role and function of the people of God.

This is why to say, "The Bible contains the Word of God," is inescapably a declaration of faith.

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

"I realize that we all have to do our part in these Youth Fellowship parties, but there's something humiliating about being put in charge of bringing the toothpicks!"

Q I graduated from high school last June and have a good job. I'm not bad looking. I want to date a neighbor girl, but I'm too shy to ask her. What can I do? Is it true that girls like to be asked out?—W.A.

A Yes, it is true. You might write a note and mail it to her. Whether she can accept or not, she'll like being asked.

Q Do you warn kids not to marry early? I'm 19. When I was 17, I married a girl of 15, and in 12 months we had a baby. I had to quit school and get a job. All I've done since is work. I have many debts. My wife is a poor housekeeper and neglects our baby. Now she says everything is my fault and that she wants a divorce. Don't boys who marry early give up more than girls?—R.L.

A Possibly, but the sacrifices are great for girls, too. Your experience is not unusual. Early marriages often lead to heartaches and divorce. I hope that boys and girls who read your letter will heed your warning.

Q I'm a girl of 14. A boy takes me to the movies on Saturday nights and we walk home through a park. Usually we sit down on a bench and neck. He gets excited and asks me to do something wrong. When I refuse, he's hurt. I'm afraid if I keep refusing he'll stop taking me to the movies. What should I do?—M.C.

A By all means keep saying no. Try to find a boy decent enough not to make that request. Avoid necking in the future. Your emotional responses are like lightning. So are his. Necking is too risky.

Q I want to run away. I'm 17 and have dark hair on my legs. Mother won't let me shave it off. All the other girls do, and Mother shaves her legs. When the kids tease me, I almost die. Will you help me?—N.B.

A I'll try. Don't think of running away. Instead, ask your mother to talk with the parents of your girl friends. Perhaps they can persuade her to relent. In most neighborhoods, it is customary for girls of 17 to shave their legs, if the hair is noticeable.

Q I'm a boy, and I have two bad habits. I swear when I'm excited, taking the Lord's name in vain, and I daydream about nasty things. Often I promise myself not to repeat my mistakes, but I usually do within a few hours. Can God understand my weakness? How can I be stronger?—F.G.

A God understands. Talk with a youth counselor about yourself. Your minister, perhaps, can refer you to the right person. You can win the struggle if you go at it a day or an hour at a time. Don't think of the future. Concern yourself with the present hour. When it passes, look to the next hour. Eventually, you'll be able to go a day at a time. Finally, your restraint will become habitual.

Q I'm a sophomore girl in a new high school. The girls here tell dirty jokes and gossip about teachers. I don't enjoy listening to them. Why are they this way?—G.Y.

A Character traits are the results of training. The girls probably haven't received proper guidance. The atmosphere of schools differs, too; some are tougher than others. If you look closely, you'll find kids who don't tell dirty stories or gossip. Make them your friends.

Q I'm a girl, 15. I baby-sit for a family with three active little children. They love me and I love them, but the minute I turn my back they start being naughty. How can I make them behave?—M.J.

A Give them your undivided attention. Don't try to study or do other things while supervising them. Talk with their mother about the things they like. Plan activities which will

eep them constructively busy. Your wn mother may have suggestions.

Q *I'm 15 and have gone steady with an older boy for two years. Now he's in the army and will be away a long time. We agreed to be true to each other. My parents think we're wrong and tell me to go out with boys. What do you think?—D.J.*

A They are right. It's best for girls of 15 to get acquainted with many boys. Usually at your age absence does not make the heart grow fonder. Don't be surprised if you fall for someone else soon.

Q *Is it true that sons repeat their father's mistakes? My father is in the penitentiary for stealing money from his boss. I try to be honest. Will I be weak like he was?—R.A.*

A Of course not. Honesty is learned, and your present attitude shows you have learned well. You will be more on guard than most people, because of your father's mistake. Try not to worry about it.

Q *My English teacher told the vice-principal that I had cigarettes in my purse. He found them and suspended me from school. My dad got very mad. He didn't know I was smoking. I'm on restriction for four months. Why was that teacher so mean?—L.V.*

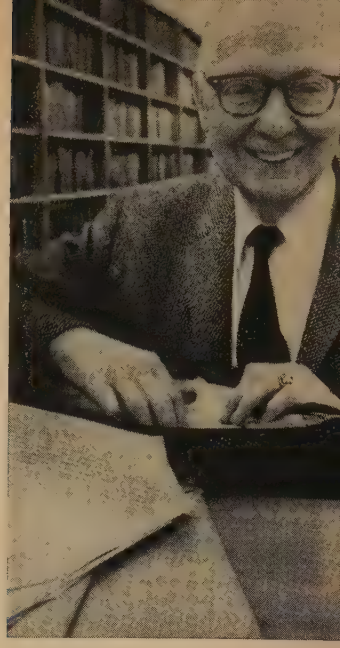
A She didn't intend to be unfair. She knows it's against the rules to have cigarettes at school. She knows smoking is harmful. Her goal was to help you. Eventually you'll understand.

Q *I'm 13. A boy used to walk me to my classes. We had fun talking, but he started ignoring me for another girl. I've tried to forget him. How can I win him back?—A.G.*

A Be friendly, but not demanding. Smile and say "Hi" when you see him. Maybe he'll come back. If not, don't grieve. You can find another boy to talk to.

•

Teens can always turn to Dr. Barbour with their problems and know he will keep names confidential. An experienced counselor, he can help if you'll write him c/o TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush, Chicago, 11.*



Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

Is a consecrated building different from a dedicated one?

Yes. A consecration service may be held when any church building, parsonage, or other unit has been completed and made ready for use. In this way, it is thus consecrated to God's service. But the *Discipline* (Par. 181) provides that it may not be formally dedicated until "all indebtedness against the same shall be discharged."

What is 'apostolic succession'?

This is the minister's direct relationship with the apostles of the New Testament church. No minister can get along without it, for his ministry is the ministry of Jesus Christ, and that ministry comes to us through McDowell and McConnell, Cartwright and Asbury and Wesley, Calvin, Luther, Erasmus, Aquinas, Augustine, Tertullian, John, Peter, Paul, and all the others.

No mere "laying on of hands" from one generation to another accomplishes this. All we know of the Apostolic Church comes to us through the Scriptures: they offer the best means of maintaining this contact. James D. Smart says in *The Rebirth of Ministry:* "Our ministry is true ministry only as it is a faithful continuation of their ministry in the modern world."

How can Jesus be a 'high priest'?

Israel's priests (the word is a contraction of "presbyters" or "elders") were men of rare talents and exemplary character. They were chosen from among the ordinary people.

Jesus himself lived the life of the commonalty of man, sharing our triumphs and defeats, even our temptations. Yet he was a priest by divine appointment (Hebrews 4:14-16).

Like other priests, he represents the people before God, making sacrifices on their behalf. But his sacrifice is the sacrifice of himself. Furthermore, his sacrifice is one into which all his followers enter (Hebrews 3:1) as they make agreements with God. We are a covenanted people, as is made clear in both Old and New Testament narratives.

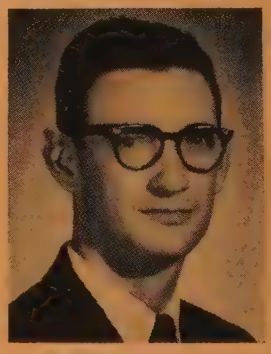
Thus, Jesus lifts to heavenly dimensions the three elements of Israel's priestly system—its sanctuary, its sacrifice, its covenant.

Active in religious journalism since 1922, Bishop T. Otto Nall of the Minnesota Area of The Methodist Church draws upon wide experience as a world traveler, minister, and author to answer questions about your church and your Christian faith each month.

Light Unto My Path

Charles C. Handley
Bethlehem, Ga.

James F. Quimby
Bethlehem, N.H.



Marvin Braungardt
Bethlehem, Ky.

Glenn A. Brown
Belén, N.Mex.*
(Spanish for Bethlehem.)*

C. Lyle Thomas
Bethlehem, Pa.

DECEMBER 3

"We cannot but speak of what we have seen and heard."
—Acts 4:20

THE 10 years following John Wesley's ordination as a clergyman in the Church of England were years of uncertainty and disappointment. He was unhappy as a lecturer at Lincoln College and was unsuccessful as the rector of the parish at Wroote. His missionary journey to Georgia was a disappointment, and he returned with a heavy heart.

Wesley's amazing experience at the prayer meeting on Aldersgate Street transformed his life so completely that the next day he wrote:

"Thursday, 25.—The moment I awaked, 'Jesus, Master,' was in my heart and in my mouth; and I found all my strength lay in keeping my eye fixed up on him, and my soul waiting on him continually."

This experience gave Wesley the desire and the willingness to accept the world as his parish. He preached in open fields when churches closed their doors to him; he proclaimed the great truths of life while crowds roared insults; and he told about the love of God healing the wounds caused by his enemies. The words of Peter and John, "We cannot but speak of what we have seen and heard," were stamped upon his heart.

On this first Sunday in Advent, Commitment Day, we should not only commit our lives to temperate living but we should commit ourselves to a greater willingness to be witnesses for our Lord. A compelling desire to tell all men the good news is essential if Christ is to rule the hearts and souls of all people in his world parish.

Prayer: Our Father, enable me to have such a love for thee that I will be compelled to speak the name Jesus Christ whenever and wherever I meet those that do not know of thy love. Amen.

—CHARLES C. HANDLEY

DECEMBER 10

I have laid up thy word in my heart, that I might not sin against thee.—Psalms 119:11

DURING the last war, a well-meaning mother showed me a Bible, with covers of steel, which she was about to give to her son. She said, "He will wear it over his heart when he goes into battle." I felt deeply with her.

As days and weeks passed and our attention was called to many critical problems of youth, I often thought of the Bible in the lives of lonely young people in far-off and dangerous places. To what extent God's Word was in their hearts, as well as an armor plate for the outside, intrigued me. To what extent could a mother's son say, "I have laid up thy word in my heart"?

Disturbed, as we are, that young people do not know the Bible the way they should, it was a joy to see, at a recent youth camp, that many of our youth were reading the Bible every day.

The Bible in the heart is a safeguard against sin. In recent discussions with the young people, I learned that they have a conception of sin that is big and inclusive. While personal morality is always important, there is more to sin than is found in sex and in intoxicating liquors. Denial of brotherhood is also a sin.

The Bible clearly teaches us, as in Ephesians 4:4-6, "There is one body and one Spirit . . . one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all."

To deny that this applies to all races and nationalities is to make a caricature of our faith, and no intelligent people on earth would respect such a religion. The Christmas season should help us to understand real brotherhood and inspire us to practice it throughout the year.

We are living in a day when emergencies arise quickly. Even though danger comes to our children, we cannot rear them in a glass cage. If God's Word is hidden in our hearts, his truth can be summoned upon short notice.

Prayer: Grant, O Holy Spirit, that as I travel in the busy traffic lanes of modern life, thy Word will not be crowded out of my heart. Amen.

—JAMES F. QUIMBY

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS ON INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

DECEMBER 17

My soul magnifies the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior.—Luke 1:46-47

ONCE in a Methodist meeting on Prince Edward Island the speakers, one after the other, were unduly magnifying their labors in the work of the Lord. At the close of the meeting a godly old man rose to his feet and falteringly gave his humble testimony. His words greatly impressed all who heard him. There was something of true greatness in the witness of this man of meager learning.

We see in Mary this same kind of humility. Her prayer is of the highest. It asks for nothing, but simply pours forth adoration and praise. God had bestowed on her the greatest honor a woman could receive. She had been chosen as God's instrument to bring forth his Son, through whom redemption was to come to a world groaning under the burden of sin. Through the revelation that had come to Mary, God had been magnified and the eye of her soul had received an enlarged vision of her God and her Savior.

It is no wonder that she should be overwhelmed with joy and praise, that her soul should magnify the Lord and her spirit rejoice in God. Yet, Mary regards herself as occupying a position among the lowliest of Hebrew maidens—Mary, who because of God's favor was to be called blessed throughout all generations. She had one recommendation—her lowly estate. Humility is always a prerequisite to receiving the divine blessing.

The Apostle Paul reminds us that not many wise and not many mighty are called. Those who receive God's grace and favor must be willing to humble themselves. "Though the Lord is high, he regards the lowly: but the haughty he knows from afar." (Psalms 138:6.) The continual flow of God's blessing rests upon those who walk humbly before the Lord.

Prayer: Our Father, may we be found humble and of a meek spirit in thy sight that we may be instruments of blessing to the world, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—MARVIN BRAUNGARDT

DECEMBER 24

And the angel said to them, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all the people; for to you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord."—Luke 2:10-11

ARE the Bethlehems of today different from the Bethlehem of the Old Testament world into which Christ was born? He came to a people who had an Old Testament training and to a race which had become a subject people, deprived of pride in nationalism, and under constant and cruel oppression from Rome.

At the time of Christ's birth the air was filled with the song of angels: "Peace," "Be not afraid." He came to a people who were in need of a Savior, a people racked from the pain of bloody rebellion and in constant terror, yet they were too complacent and indifferent to open their hearts to him. He offered them peace, but their business-as-usual attitude blinded them to the Prince of Peace and his offer of salvation for a strife-torn world.

"He came unto his own as a light unto their path and his own received him not."

Just so, Jesus stands today in the midst of a people filled with the fear of communism, in the midst of nations glowering over an iron curtain, triggering their earthquakes and preparing perhaps the destruction of life; and he says to us as the angels did to the people of the Old Testament Bethlehem, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, I offer you peace and freedom from fear if you will but turn from your complacency, your indifference, and your business-as-usual attitude and live your life in obedience to my will."

And nothing can bring to pass that peace "which passes all understanding" until we let the Babe of Bethlehem live within our hearts.

Prayer: O God, grant that as our thoughts turn toward Bethlehem and the birth of our Lord and Savior, we may open our hearts to him and his way of life. Amen.

—GLENN A. BROWN

DECEMBER 31

Let us leave the elementary doctrines of Christ and go on to maturity.—Hebrews 6:1

ON South Mountain, a high hilltop overlooking the city of Bethlehem, Pa., are two structures of national fame. One is the multi-million-dollar research center of a great steel company. The other is a huge star, erected on a frame almost a hundred feet high. It is the largest display of its type in the world and, when lighted, is visible for 30 miles.

The center sitting high over this busy city is given over to the task which is uppermost in the thinking of the world in these days: the task of research. How to improve this product of steel; how to develop new uses for it; how to do it all more efficiently. This is the way a great industry breaks new ground.

But how significant it is that on this same mountain, and before the research laboratories were ever thought of or erected, the people of this city believed it fitting to erect the Star of Bethlehem. Was it not a part of mankind's search for truth? Was it not a symbol of the finer matters which give life fuller meaning?

So, these two structures on South Mountain are not antagonistic, for their spirit is the same: on the one hand, we have the maturing of man's knowledge of the things of God's creation; on the other hand, the Star is God in search of man to bring him enrichment of life.

It is this note of Christian maturity which our verse for this week would stress. Having laid our spiritual foundations, let us not stop but rather build upon them. Let us become researchers of the spirit.

Prayer: O gracious Father, we thank thee for the gift of a new year. May we become more courageous spiritual adventurers during it. Amen.

—C. LYLE THOMAS

Looks at New Books

THE LIFE and wanderings of the people of Israel seemed very real to me as I traced their history in ***The Living World of the Bible*** (World, $12.50). **M.-J. Steve,** veteran of many Middle Eastern archaeological campaigns, draws on photographs, maps, and excerpts from the Old Testament to recreate the story. The photographs of artifacts and scenes that must look exactly as they did in Old Testament times are themselves works of art. Michael Audrain, one of France's best-known photographers, spent a year traveling through the Middle East to collect them.

Mrs. Barnabas, on one of her frequent visits to the public library, was chatting with the children's librarian.

"I don't suppose these modern, sophisticated children read books like Raggedy Ann," she said regretfully, spying a couple of volumes on space flight. "Oh, yes," the librarian replied. "The younger children still read them and love them."

Thus, I think publication of four new Raggedy Ann stories is worth a special note. If your children already know and love the little rag doll who has delighted small fry since 1918, when **Johnny Gruelle** created her, they'll be thrilled by her new adventures.

The books are ***Raggedy Ann and the Wonderful Witch, Raggedy Ann and the Happy Meadow, Raggedy Ann and the Golden Ring,*** and ***Raggedy Ann and the Hobby Horse*** (Bobbs-Merrill, each $2.50). Each is from the collection of original Johnny Gruelle manuscripts—complete with Gruelle's own illustrations in color.

No mystery writer could trump up a more improbable tale than **Andre Maurois'** factual ***Adrienne: The Life of the Marquise de La Fayette*** (McGraw-Hill, $7.95).

The death of a descendant of La Fayette late in 1955 passed ownership of La Grange, the La Fayette chateau near Paris, to René de Chambrun. Prowling the tower attics, he and his wife uncovered an incredible trove of letters, books, and other mementos of La Fayette and his wife. Andre Maurois was called in, and this book is the result.

Adrienne emerges from the ancient documents as a devoted wife, a practical woman of affairs, and a Christian who when guillotining seemed certain could write: "From the bottom of t heart I forgive my enemies, if I ha any . . ." La Fayette, himself, a comes through clearly as a stron minded idealist, somewhat vain b true to principles that made him trusted figure in the American Rev lution. One example was his priva crusade in behalf of Protestants.

"French Protestants," he wro Washington on May 11, 1785, "are t victims of an intolerable despotism. . Their marriages are not legal, th wills have no force in law, their ch dren are looked upon as bastards, a they themselves are liable to hanged. I wish to bring about a chan in their status."

Change came—in the cataclysm gear-shifting known to history as th French Revolution. La Fayette's ro is described in detail, but dominatin even that part of the story is the pe sonality of his remarkable wif Adrienne.

"There can be no doubt that if Ru sian Baptists were allowed to proselytiz

In Saul's court, David was a harp player like this one pictured in The Living World of the Bible.

nd to publish all the Bibles and ymnals they needed, they would make ensational inroads into both Soviet theism and Russian Orthodoxy," writes **Maurice Hindus** in ***House Without Roof: Russia After Forty-three Years of Revolution*** (Doubleday, 6.95).

He tells of visiting the Leningrad Baptist Church where, at the end of he service, the minister introduced him o the congregation as an American who had studied at a Baptist college. 'Instantly the congregation arose, hands went up, and from every hand a white handkerchief waved toward me, until found myself saluted by a sea of fluttering white, while the hymn *God Be With You Till We Meet Again* welled up around me."

But do not interpret that to mean that a religious revival is possible in Russia, he warns. Despite the Russians' almost fanatic addiction to books and reading, the one book that is never found in a Soviet bookshop is the Bible. University students who study literature have been demanding it, Mr. Hindus writes, but Soviet ideologists still condemn it violently.

Born in a Russian village in 1891, Maurice Hindus came to America in 1905. In 1923, he made his first trip as a reporter to his homeland. He since has made frequent visits.

Always seeing the Soviet Union in terms of individuals rather than plans, production figures, and ideology, he has watched the dramatic development of a new society. "As I traveled about the country observing the progress and achievement, especially in industry, I began to feel that I was moving from room to room through a spacious house with no roof over it," he writes, explaining that the mightiest revolution in history still is unfinished.

In 1959, Dr. Harry Willis Miller celebrated his 80th birthday—and took off for Hong Kong to start a new hospital. From there he went to Japan to take the lead in establishing soy-milk plants throughout that land.

But going to Asia was returning home for Dr. Miller, and such projects mere routine. At 23 he gave up a promising medical career in America, and a quarter-million-dollar inheritance, to go to China as a medical missionary for the Seventh-day Adventist Church. He built 15 hospitals throughout China, was responsible for many cures of the dread opium "sickness," developed new techniques for surgery and preventive medicine, and has had many dramatic encounters with bandits, wars, and famines.

When he was in the U.S., he was consulting physician to three U.S. presidents and personal physician to national figures, senators, and ambassadors. **Raymond S. Moore** tells his

Life Assurance for Your Bible

By WILLIAM J. KRUTZA

THE BIBLE is meant to be read regularly, not only on Universal Bible Sunday (December 10 this year) or during Advent and Lent, but every day of the year.

So, of all the books in your library, this daily companion may suffer the greatest wear, even in the hands of the most reverent reader. But you can greatly prolong your Bible's life by giving it proper care—beginning the first time you open its pages. Here's how:

When you obtain a brand new Bible, place its spine on a flat surface, open the front cover, and run your fingers along the groove where pages and cover join, using moderate pressure. Then do the same with the back cover, keeping the body of pages upright. Repeat the operation at intervals of about 25 pages, alternating from front to back.

This breaking-in process will prepare the Bible to be opened at any page without danger of cracking the spine. The pages of any book should, of course, be turned gently, but Bibles printed on thin India paper require special care.

If the covers are of imitation leather and later begin to crack at the book's spine, glue a piece of dark silk or gummed cloth along the crease between the inside of each cover and the facing page. Make sure this still allows free movement.

If the Bible's spine cracks anywhere between inside pages, white gummed cloth placed between the affected pages will hold them securely. Clear cellophane tape should not be used because it soon dries out and leaves a greasy mark on the pages.

For repairing torn pages, the glued, transparent paper used by librarians works well. It will not impair the print or loosen with age. Pages that become detached from the spine can be reinserted by touching the inner edges with library paste, positioning them carefully, and then closing the Bible and resting a weight on it until the paste dries.

Marginal notes should be made with either an indelible pencil or a fine-point ink pen. Do not use a ball-point pen because the greasy ink will make a blotch on the opposite page. The same applies to underlining, which should be done sparingly.

When a leather cover becomes dull and dried out, one or two drops of neat's-foot oil worked into the leather with the fingers will restore and prolong its life. Smudges can be removed first with soap and a damp cloth, but allow the leather to dry thoroughly before you apply the oil.

To increase the lifespan of imitation-leather covers, add a thin coating of waterproof clear lacquer. This also is good for cloth-bound editions because it helps prevent colors from fading. Applying shoe dye to an imitation-leather binding will bring back the original color, but all surfaces then must be thoroughly waterproofed to prevent the dye from coming through.

Should your Bible become worn beyond the fix-it-yourself stage, you can have it rebound by a bindery. By giving it regular, loving care, chances are you will never need professional aid.

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story in ***China Doctor*** (Harper, $3.95).

As a Methodist, I was intrigued by a small incident that led to great events. Early in his China career Dr. Miller began printing Christian literature. When transferred to Shanghai, he went out looking for a place to put his printing establishment and ended by renting space from a Methodist named Charlie Soong. In the years that followed, Charlie Soong's daughters became three of China's greatest women —Madame H. H. Kung, Madame Sun Yat-sen, and Madame Chiang Kai-shek. The latter two now are separated by political ideology and the Bamboo Curtain, but Harry Miller was destined to become personal physician to the Chiang Kai-sheks, and surgeon to Madame Sun Yat-sen.

"There comes a time when the traveler following Greeley's advice to go West reaches the end of the line. . . . At his feet on the sandy beach are the slow-breaking rollers of the Pacific Ocean. . . . Beyond the horizon—far, far beyond—is the next piece of land, the coast of Asia."

Phillip H. Ault forgot our new state of Hawaii when he wrote that in ***How to Live in California*** (Dodd, Mead, $3.95). But he's right in his next observation: "If the newcomer has decided to settle in California, he probably will dip his feet in the Pacific surf, glance admiringly at the deeply tanned girls lying on the beach, and then turn back inland to find a home."

His book is a brisk-paced, informal, and informative guide to work, leisure, and retirement in the Golden State and the Southwest. Like many of his fellow Californians, Ault is not a native. He was born in the Middle West, but migrated to the shores of the Pacific at an early age.

Whether it's buying a house or car, investing in the stock market, or going into business for yourself, **Sylvia Porter** has advice on ***How to Get More for Your Money*** (World, $3.95).

She also has words for the corporate wife, the job seeker, and the working woman. Many of the latter, I'm sure, would like to have Miss Porter's own secret of success—she's financial editor of a New York City daily newspaper, writes a syndicated column, and is the author of five previous books.

When the news went out that **Helmut Thielicke** planned to deal with the biblical story of creation in a series of sermons, the German theologian received a letter demanding: "What do you think you know about creation anyhow? Who was there when it happened?"

The answer is simple, Prof. Thielicke believes—the men of the Bible knew something about God because God sought out men to whom he revealed himself.

The sermons have been translated by John W. Doberstein and appear in ***How the World Began*** (Muhlenberg, $4.50). They make compelling reading as they bring the opening chapters of Genesis to life in terms of the 20th century.

"Sobering" is the word **Walter Lippmann** uses to describe a day-long meeting he had with Nikita Khrushchev last April. Held at the Russian premier's *dacha* on the shores of the Black Sea, it was an eight-hour conversation with time out for eating, drinking, and a game of badminton.

It was the second interview the Russian leader has granted the American political columnist, who gives an uncensored account of it in ***The Coming Tests With Russia*** (Atlantic-Little Brown, $2.50).

He is convinced that the USSR is not contemplating war and is genuinely concerned to prevent actual conflict, be it in Laos, Cuba, or Germany. On the other hand, he says there is no doubt that the Soviets are relentlessly determined to foster revolutionary movements in underdeveloped countries.

There is no bluff in the Russian attitude, Lippmann warns. And, he believes, we cannot compete with communism in Asia, Africa, or Latin America if we continue placing the weak countries in a dilemma where they must stand still with us or start moving with the Communists. We must, he says, offer these unhappy countries a third option—economic development and social improvement without the totalitarian discipline of communism.

If you favor American folklore, then you know how richly Methodists have contributed to it. Emphasizing this point is a new book, ***Singers and Storytellers*** edited by **Mody C. Boatright, Wilson M. Hudson**, and **Allen Maxwell** (Southern Methodist University Press, $5).

Lorenzo Dow, the fabulous Maine-born Methodist itinerant, got down South—as you will remember from TOGETHER's pictorial *Along the Natchez Trace* [February, page 37]. He did not get to Texas, but of course that does not stop Texans from weaving him into their lore. So it is not surprising that this book contains the story of the Negro boy named Gabriel and his horn. Dow put him in a tree just outside a church one Sunday morning and told him what to do. So, when at an appropriate moment in the sermon, Dow shouted: "Blow, Gabriel, blow!" the boy did. People started to run out of church. "You fools," said tart-tongued Dow, "set down. What

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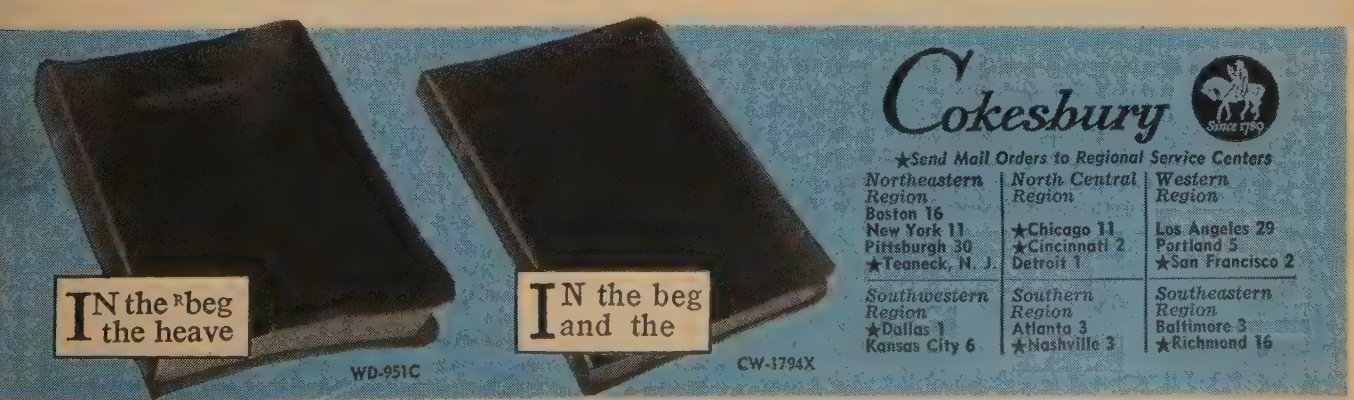

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would you do if the judgment *wa* coming? That's nobody but a litt Negro up the tree with a tin horn.

My first reaction to ***Kidnap: Th Story of the Lindbergh Case*** (Dia $6.95) was to wonder why anybod would want to rehash that macabr sensational story. Surely, I though everything that could be written abou the abduction and murder of Charle and Anne Lindbergh's infant son 2 years ago must have been written whe it took place. No other news story i history was more thoroughly covere by press and curious public.

But **George Waller** has done tremendous job of amassing details an putting them into perspective.

If you're much over 40, you wil remember the shock you shared with everyone when the curly haired littl boy disappeared from his crib on the second floor of the Lindbergh hom near Hopewell, N.J. And you'll remem ber the trial and subsequent executio of Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

What this book tells best, though is the story of the Lindberghs, who emerge with quiet dignity and human warmth. It is this that makes it one of the best of recent books. I, Barnabas, found it fascinating.

Listen, the Red-Eyed Vireo (Doubleday, $2.75) is the droll chronicle of a college instructor who found himself inextricably involved with the Olney Bird Watchers.

By the time you finish **Milton White**'s delightful spoof, I think you'll agree that watching the antics of the humans who watch birds is even more fun than bird watching. Drawings by F. B. Modell sharpen the satire, and for an offbeat preface, the book quotes Ogden Nash's poem, *Up From the Egg: The Confessions of a Nuthatch Avoider.*

If those mid-book color pages in TOGETHER's November issue sparked your interest in architecture, I suggest you walk briskly to your nearest bookstore for ***The New Architecture of Europe: An Illustrated Guidebook and Appraisal*** (Meridian, $4 cloth, $1.95 paper), by **G. E. Kidder Smith**.

He starts with a section on Austria and runs through the list of free countries. His choice of subjects ranges widely, but churches and crematories appear to be his favorites. He gives attention to more than 50 of the former, including the Methodist church at Mitcham in Surrey, England.

I have it straight from a European friend of the scholarly Mr. Smith that he is at work already on another book, to be devoted entirely to the 80 new European churches he considers most interesting.

—BARNABAS

Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA,
THE METHODIST CHURCH

IN A time when books too often are judged solely for their financial success, it is good that we still have awards for literary excellence. The award frequently is the only satisfaction the author has. But when you find a book with wide popular appeal that also wins a Pulitzer Prize, you have a combination that puts it on a very high peak. I have just read such a book and commend it enthusiastically to the TOGETHER family.

TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD, by Harper Lee *(Lippincott, $3.95).*

A long time ago there was a book called *Uncle Tom's Cabin* which seemed on first reading to be only a good story. Actually, it was a strong attack on slavery and a trumpet call to freedom. It had tremendous influence. I thought of that as I read this book about a Southern village at the dawn of the battle against segregation. It has some of the qualities of Uncle Tom and may be a decisive influence in the American struggle for democracy. It is not a crusading book as such; rather, it is a quiet story with glimpses of turbulent forces boiling toward the surface. It is about a widower and his two children who live within the segregation pattern.

Atticus Finch, the father, has a deep sense of justice and a real love for people regardless of their color. He dares to stand against the community and fight legally for the life of a Negro accused of rape. It is chiefly through the eyes of the children that you see the tragedy of a divided society. Without any strain or contrivance, here is one of the most powerful sermons on brotherhood I have ever read. The segregationists, I have no doubt, hate it bitterly. But people in the North or South who are aware of who we are and what time it is will be grateful for this fine witness. It has good writing with outstanding literary quality and character analysis. It richly deserved the Pulitzer Prize and is a credit to our Christian, American heritage. It makes one realize fiction can be a tremendous social force.

THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS, by Alexander Fedoroff *(Obolensky, $5.95).*

This novel has all kinds of people, all kinds of action, and all kinds of behavior. It goes from the depths of homosexual depravity to suicide and labor crusading as it attempts to present a panorama of contemporary America. My feeling was that it covered too much and concentrated too little. The author tried to appeal to everybody. So he has a little religion, a lot of corruption, some perversion, and considerable idealism.

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O little Lord of Christmas Day,
Enter our hearts and home, we pray;
And help us be, each day we live,
Gentle and kind and glad to give
With joyful love and peaceful cheer,
That this may be a Christmas Year.

—JANE MERCHANT

Quick Holiday Treats—Suggested by Mrs. Lee Cheney

Sometime in December, maybe Mom will help you make some yummy marshmallow treats. First, cut several marshmallows in half and place each half, cut side up, on a soda cracker.

Then, help her sprinkle some crushed peppermint candy or cooky decorations on each marshmallow and heat the crackers in a moderate oven until the marshmallows are slightly melted and browned.

That's all there is to it! Eat the treats while they're still warm. They'll be chewy and fun to eat—and ever so Christmasy good!

Christmas Again

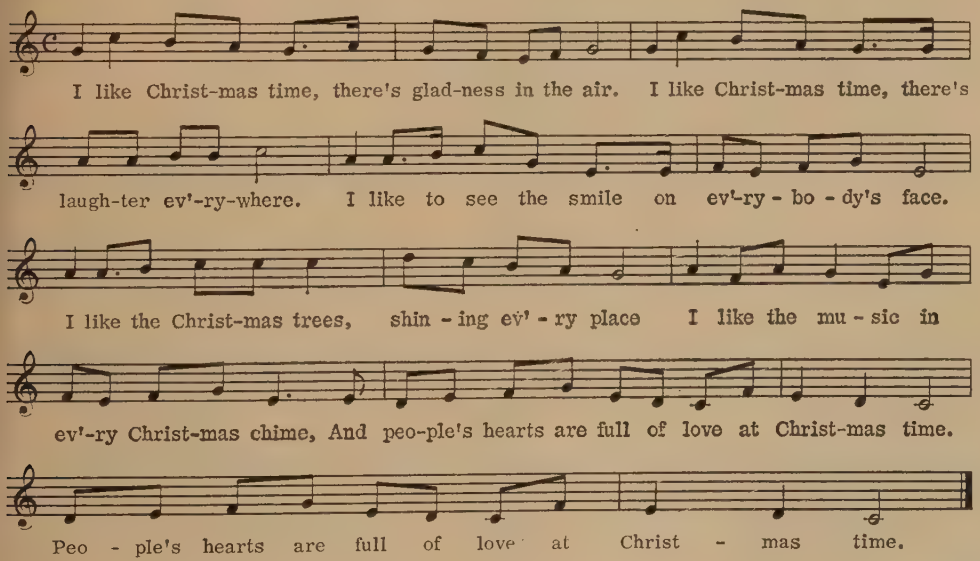
It's Winter Again

It's winter again and time for my sled,
And mittens and snow suits, and colds in the head.
It's winter again, and I must get set,
But I wasn't tired of summertime yet!

—Gina Bell-Zano

CHRISTMAS TIME

Words: Gina Bell-Zano Music: George Nakulak



A rural-electric lineman in real life, Asa P. Maupin (inset), plays Joseph in the Nativity tableau. Christmas weather, normally mild at Paducah, had a sharp bite in it last year. Participants braved snow and 20-degree temperatures to maintain their church's tradition.

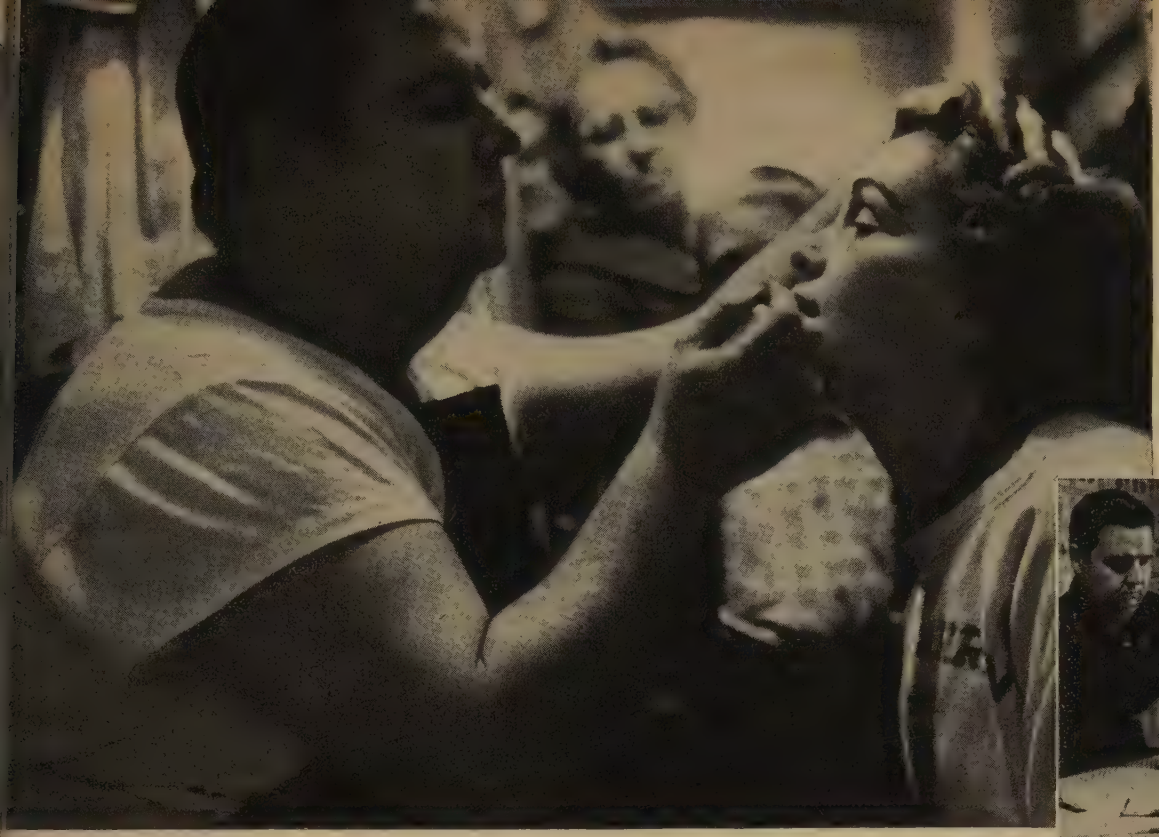
Home-town Christmas Pageant:

Here's How They Do It at Paducah

IT ISN'T Oberammergau or a Hollywood spectacular. The costumes, the sets, the actors are home-town products. But when it comes to involving members in a project, few churches can equal Northside Methodist's annual Christmas pageant in Paducah, Ky.

What started in 1956 with a Nativity tableau staged by one church-school class has grown into *God's Gift to Man,* a series of nine "living pictures" depicting significant events in the life of Christ. Presented five nights during the week before Christmas, the pageant attracts up to 50,000 viewers each season. About 200 persons in two full casts appear in the outdoor scenes. And many more Northsiders work behind the scenes—preparing costumes and scenery, setting up light and sound systems, and fixing warm snacks for chilled actors.

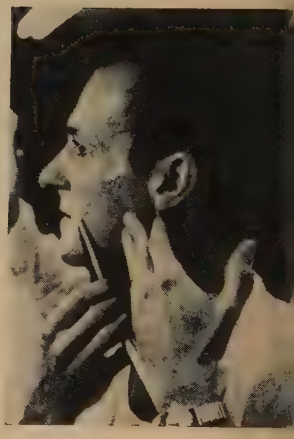
Animals add realism, but they are temperamental actors—as Pastor A. C. Morrison and Jim Johnson learn from "Archie," whimsically named for the minister.



Some in the cast think make-up man Phil Matlock is too liberal with grease paint, but he knows he must compensate for colored lighting. A telephone-company engineer, Matlock is an archery fan who even feathers his own arrows (inset).

One of the 10 churchmen who portray Christ, Bill Luton (above) is in the Woman at the Well *scene (right). A telephone installer, Luton helps with pageant lighting, once served as the director.*

Barbershop-owner Jack Bean, another of th men who portray Christ, shaves at his shop (below), then dons his costume at the church. A pageant actor since 1956, he twice has played this role.



For J. W. Burnley, 1960 pageant chairman, a nightly round to connect lights (left) was only one of the dozens of jobs he performed. Employed by a Paducah contracting company, Burnley is pictured (above) in a more familiar role—at the controls of a bulldozer.

Among Mrs. Clayton Overby's duties as chief cook: stirring up hot chocolate to thaw chilled actors.

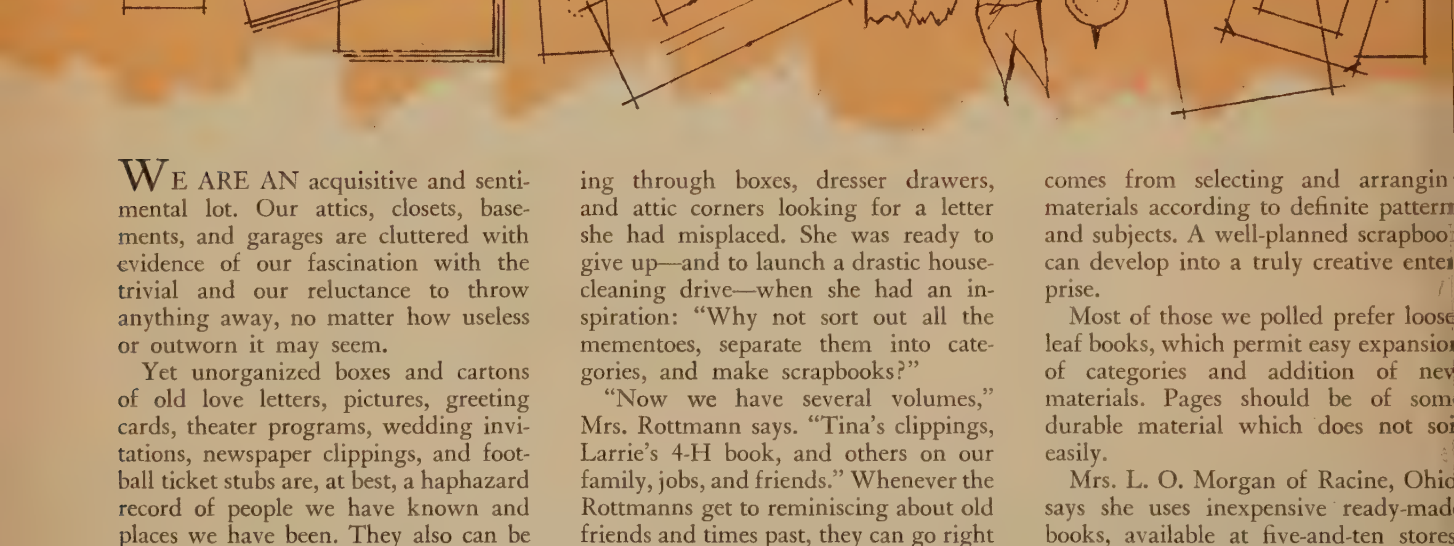
Cast members—200 of them—care for their own costumes, but it was up to Mrs. Bill Slaughter, wardrobe chairman, to find and fit the garments.

Led by Pastor Morrison, the cast gathers indoors for a brief worship service on opening night. The pageant, requiring two months to prepare, costs Northside Church about $600 a year.

ls viewers pass the church in cars nd on foot, they hear a tape-recorded hristmas message and are handed ooklets describing the outdoor scenes.

Can't find that picture of Aunt Minnie?

UNSCRAMBLE THAT SCRAPBOOK



WE ARE AN acquisitive and sentimental lot. Our attics, closets, basements, and garages are cluttered with evidence of our fascination with the trivial and our reluctance to throw anything away, no matter how useless or outworn it may seem.

Yet unorganized boxes and cartons of old love letters, pictures, greeting cards, theater programs, wedding invitations, newspaper clippings, and football ticket stubs are, at best, a haphazard record of people we have known and places we have been. They also can be an eyesore and a major housekeeping problem, if we let them pile up indefinitely.

Before you pitch all those bits and scraps into the trash barrel, however, consider an alternative: scrapbooks. Increasing numbers of incurable collectors are discovering that scrapbooks can bring order out of chaos—and convert a habit which had been a nuisance into a creative and rewarding hobby.

One advantage of scrapbooking is that it can be practiced by almost anyone—children engaged in study projects, housewives trying to keep track of those sons in service, men interested in the newest scientific developments, oldsters confined to their homes who want to bring family histories up to date. Many stumble into this hobby by accident—or out of necessity.

Such was true of Betty Cook Rottmann, a reader in Columbia, Mo., who once spent the entire morning rummaging through boxes, dresser drawers, and attic corners looking for a letter she had misplaced. She was ready to give up—and to launch a drastic housecleaning drive—when she had an inspiration: "Why not sort out all the mementoes, separate them into categories, and make scrapbooks?"

"Now we have several volumes," Mrs. Rottmann says. "Tina's clippings, Larrie's 4-H book, and others on our family, jobs, and friends." Whenever the Rottmanns get to reminiscing about old friends and times past, they can go right to their stack of scrapbooks and pull out the one which will jog their memories.

Another reader, Mrs. Ethel Whitford of Waterman, Ill., started making scrapbooks more than 30 yeares ago, when her children were in school. The tot for whom she clipped and saved pictures of birds now teaches botany in a state university, and Mrs. Whitford still is clipping away. She has scrapbooks on Latin America, Christmas cards, national parks, family history, and Queen Elizabeth II.

"It's amazing," she says, "how much material you can find on a given subject, once your interest is aroused. And there's something about the clipping, organizing, and pasting which makes the facts stick in your memory."

Experienced scrapbookers, we found in a poll of TOGETHER readers with this hobby, stress the importance of careful planning and proper materials to insure maximum enjoyment of the hobby. The greatest satisfaction and benefit comes from selecting and arrangin materials according to definite pattern and subjects. A well-planned scrapboo can develop into a truly creative enter prise.

Most of those we polled prefer loose leaf books, which permit easy expansio of categories and addition of nev materials. Pages should be of som durable material which does not soi easily.

Mrs. L. O. Morgan of Racine, Ohio says she uses inexpensive ready-mad books, available at five-and-ten stores Mrs. Rottmann prefers to make her ow books, using heavy construction pape for pages and either printer's cove board or plywood for covers. Bras fasteners may be used to bind th former, while small bolts work bes for the board covers. Zippered cover help protect paper books.

Since everything which goes int your scrapbook presumably has senti mental, historical, or educational valu you should not trust to luck in assem bling it. To help you avoid those be ginner's errors and also to enhance th value of your collections, here are som tips we have gleaned from reader letters:

1. *Be selective.* Unnecessary, irrele vant material only complicates you task, makes it difficult to find items o value. Stick to the subject!

2. *Arrange logically.* Material entere haphazardly looks it. Orderly entrie facilitate use, pay off in less confusion better understanding, and more fun.

3. *Explain contents.* Clear, concise ptions and explanatory paragraphs ould identify, explain, entertain, and aintain interest. Write clearly!

4. *Keep up to date.* Readers do not ant stories which end in the middle, d materials which are not entered romptly have a way of getting torn, iled, forgotten, or lost.

5. *Label books and store in an accessi-le place.* If you have to search for the ooks, it discourages use.

6. *Use them.* Lend your scrapbooks friends, the sick, and shut-ins. Use hem for educational and reference urposes, to keep records and stir emories.

Nothing seems to fascinate us so uch as ourselves, so your first project —or at least your biggest one—is likely o be a family scrapbook. Why not nake it a real family record, instead of ust a photo album?

Most serious scrapbookers seem to gree on a formula for family albums which breaks materials down into these ategories: history, places you have ived, jobs, activities, and announce-nents—births, graduations, weddings, nd deaths.

If there is an artist in your family, a skilfully drawn family tree on the first page can be both decorative and informative. A brief, clearly written history of the family to date will be appreciated by future generations. Use illustrations liberally. Group pictures fit well in the historical section, and action shots of Tommy playing football, Susie with her dolls, or a family picnic can liven up the activities department.

Above all, be creative! Clever use of maps, drawings, photos, and unusual souvenirs enhances the attractiveness and readability of your scrapbook. Mrs. Rottmann has found that bulky mementoes can be mounted by building up a thick cardboard frame around the page.

If you are trying to trace your family history and do not know where to begin, write the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. Also, relatives may be able to supply photographs and documents. You may even uncover unsuspected branches of the family tree by writing people with the same last name—not recommended, however, for Smiths, Joneses, or Johnsons!

Of course, not all scrapbookers limit their interest to a few subjects or attempt to follow any definite pattern in assembling their volumes. Otto Hanzlik of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has been clipping newsworthy items from papers and magazines for more than 50 years and at last count had 36 scrapbooks. Many of them are old bank ledgers.

Mr. Hanzlik's unique collection includes every *Steve Canyon* cartoon strip since its inception in 1948, but his most valuable books are on World War I and the Mexican Campaign. Cedar Rapids newspaper reporters frequently use them for reference.

Most of Mr. Hanzlik's books are simply running commentaries on the times in which he has lived. Open a volume at random and you may find an American Legion membership card, a 1932 driver's license, a picture of the town baseball team, a news item about a friend, or an account of the election results. Mr. Hanzlik dates the items and enters them chronologically.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. James, Jr., Unadilla, N.Y., who say they collect "anything and everything," usually stick clippings and mementoes on the family bulletin board until they have time to enter them. "We always plan to sort them out," says Mr. James, "but we hardly ever do. Still, there's a wealth of memories in those books."

Others prefer to keep items in manila envelopes, cardboard boxes, or file cabinets until they have enough on hand to begin breaking them down according to categories and subject matter.

Whatever method you choose, the possibilities are unlimited and the costs relatively low. All it takes is a few simple tools and materials and a little research. Before you know it, you and the family will be spending your spare hours around the scrapbook, cutting, sorting, pasting, and chatting. It won't seem like work at all. In fact, it is fun!

—Wayne Carlstrand

Name Your Hobby

To be listed here, just send your name, address, and hobby to Hobby Editor, Together, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

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INDIAN ARTIFACTS: Mrs. Rufus Webb, 5917 Franklin, New Orleans, La. (Choctaws).

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NAPKINS: Virginia Kistler, Leonard, N.Dak.

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(Continued on page 66)

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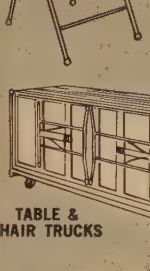

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NEWS of the world parish

ARLA-DAMAGED PROPERTY SURVEYED IN TEXAS

Hurricane Carla and the floods and rnado which followed caused heavy mage to several Methodist churches d parsonages in the Galveston, Beaufont, and Corpus Christi Districts of exas.

Losses in the Texas Conference are pected to total $150,000 to $200,000, t district superintendents there said e real problem would be the inability Methodist members in the stormricken areas to support their churches.

To meet the needs of the affected urches and their people, the Texas onference called for cash offerings on vo Sundays. Resident Bishop Paul E. Iartin said that response to the hurriane-relief call has been very generous.

The cash offerings are to be used help new churches carrying heavy ndebtedness to meet their obligations. unds will not be used to replace lamaged churches or parsonages.

The National Council of Churches, hrough its Church World Service warehouse in St. Louis, Mo., sent over 30,-00 pounds of emergency relief supplies o Houston to be distributed to hurriane victims. CWS leaders offered other elp if needed.

The worst damage in the Galveston District was to the Jones Creek church, vhere water poured through windows f the building and also caused a comlete loss of parsonage furnishings.

Corpus Christi District Superintendent John G. Palmer said the most everely damaged church in the Southvest Conference was at Palacios. Paronage contents there were ruined and he house may not be repairable. A arge section of the town was destroyed, e said, which will seriously affect the uture of the church.

Offer African Study Credits

Accredited courses in African studies re being offered by two Methodistelated universities to fill the void of nowledge about Africa.

At Northwestern University, Evanson, Ill., the first Chair of African tudies in the U.S. has been established vith Dr. Melville J. Herskovits as older of the first professorship. The osition was made possible by a $1.3 million grant from the Ford Foundaion.

The African and Research Studies Program at Boston University, Boston, Mass., was founded in 1953. Dr. William O. Brown, director, said that from the beginning the program had a dual purpose—training students in African studies and providing a research resource for scholars whose interests are focused on Africa as an area of study.

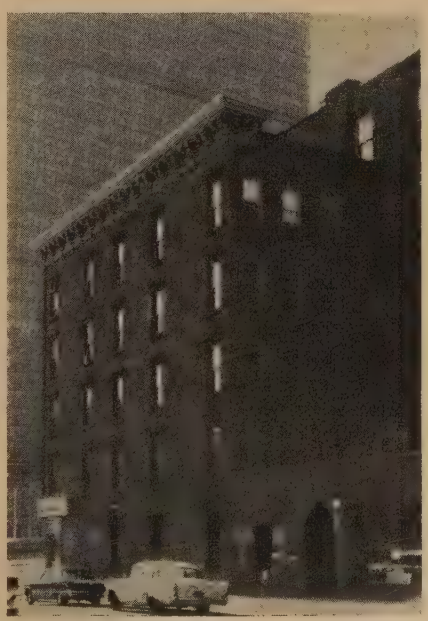
Although no degrees are offered in the studies, graduate students in social-science fields can receive credit for specialized study on Africa.

In both research and teaching, the studies deal with the whole of Africa, with the exception of Egypt, but the emphasis is upon analyzing particular situations and problems.

Social Concerns Board Okays UN Church Center Project

The Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns has approved plans for the construction of a 13-story, $1.5 million church center across the street from United Nations headquarters in New York City. Final approval by the Methodist Co-ordinating Council must be obtained before contracts can be signed.

The board's Division of Peace and World Order tentatively plans to purchase a 5,000-square-foot corner lot at 775-777 United Nations Plaza for $450,-000. On this site it hopes to erect a structure which would include a chapel, meeting rooms, cafeteria, and offices.



Overshadowed by the UN headquarters, these buildings occupy the site of a proposed UN Church Center structure in New York City.

Part of the building would be used by the UN office of The Methodist Church to expand its services to the UN. Most of the remaining space would be rented to other churches for similar offices, since one of the project's purposes is to advance the ecumenical movement.

The board's option to buy the property expires November 30, and plans must be submitted before a new city zoning requirement becomes effective on December 15. The new regulation would limit the size of the structure and make it less feasible economically.

Construction tentatively is scheduled to begin before the end of 1962.

Other projects approved by the board include the development of a Christian approach to the problem of communism and the promotion of training for public service at predominantly Negro private schools.

The project dealing with communism is in response to appeals for anticommunist methods that "are not only compatible with the finest traditions of American democracy, but are also in harmony with the ethical principles of the Christian faith," said Dr. W. Astor Kirk, head of the public affairs committee of the board's Division of Human Relations and Economic Affairs.

Dallas Church Admits Negro

The 5,700-member Lovers Lane Methodist Church is the first large white Protestant church in Dallas, Tex., to receive a Negro member.

In accepting the woman into membership, the Rev. Tom Shipp, pastor, explained that it was "the only Christian thing to do." He said that the woman lived near the church and, because of illness and lack of transportation, had found it difficult to get across town to the church where she had been a member.

Methodist Bishop William C. Martin said that the church was the first white Methodist church in his North Texas Area to receive a Negro member.

Bishop Says Hymns Abused

Methodist Bishop W. Earl Ledden, retired, told delegates to the biennial conference of the National Fellowship of Methodist Musicians that he was "aghast at how we abuse our great hymns."

The bishop, professor of Christian worship at Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C., said pastors even use hymns to drown out noise during services.

"Our congregations," he pointed out, "are singing unto the Lord. Think

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of it as an audition; and he is listening."

J. Edward Moyer, professor of church music and speech at Wesley Seminary, was elected the new president of NaFOMM.

Bank Gives to Churches

Many businesses remember their customers at Christmas time, but a Spencer, Iowa, bank does more than that; it gives money to its customers' churches.

The Clay County National Bank in 1960 sent letters to 2,845 depositors offering to send $1 in the patron's name to any church designated.

Dale Barrus, vice president of the bank and a member of Grace Methodist Church in Spencer, said 1,746 persons responded—and $1,746 was given to the churches.

12 Begin Missionary Service

Twelve young Methodists are beginning two years of special-term home missionary service for The Methodist Church.

The US-2s, as they are known, had six weeks of training last summer in basic Christian beliefs, working with groups, Christian education, and arts and crafts at Methodist-related Scarritt College, Nashville, Tenn.

Among the nine women and three men is Miss Jeannette Carey, Lincoln, Nebr., who was chosen Miss Methodist Student Nurse for 1961 by the Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes. She now is serving as a nurse at the Brewster Methodist Hospital, Jacksonville, Fla.

Largest Church-Related Loan

Methodist-related Boston University, Boston, Mass., has been awarded the largest federal loan yet granted to a church-related college for housing.

The $3 million loan, approved by the U.S. Housing and Home Finance Agency, will help build a 13-story hall to house 544 students. It will provide dining facilities for 550.

Other Methodist-related colleges receiving recent loans are: Huston-Tillotson College, Austin, Tex. ($180,000) and Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa ($650,000) for college union buildings and dining facilities; and Wofford College, Spartanburg, S.C., $750,000 for a dormitory for 129 men. [For a pro-and-con discussion of such loans, see *Should Church-Related Colleges Accept Federal Support?* April, page 34.]

WAMRAC Offices Moved

The Rev. A. W. Shepherd, founder of World Association of Methodist Radio Amateurs and Clubs, has moved WAMRAC headquarters to 121 Main Street, Asfordby, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, England. [See *Pagin Methodist 'Hams,'* November, 196 page 102.]

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

DECEMBER

3—First Sunday in Advent and Commitment Sunday.
3-10—Universal Bible Week.
10—Universal Bible Sunday.
25—Christmas Day.
26-29—Christmas Conference for Young Pastors and Wives, National College, Kansas City, Mo.
27-29—Regional Youth Christmas Convocation, Colorado Springs, Colo.
31—New Year's Eve or Watch Night.
31—Student Recognition Day.

WSCS STUDY TOPICS: General program—*A Christmas Card*, by Miss Amy Lee; Circle program—*Christmas in the New Testament*, by Miss Florence Hooper.

Annual St. George's Awards Given to Gross and Jones

The Rev. John O. Gross, a genera secretary of the Methodist Board o Education, and Edwin L. Jones, prominent Methodist layman from Charlotte, N.C., were honored at the third annual St. George's Award Ban quet in Philadelphia for their dis

Dr. Jones

Dr. Gross

tinguished service to The Methodist Church.

Inaugurated by the trustees of Old St. George's Church, considered U.S. Methodism's oldest church in continuous service, the awards are made each year to a Methodist minister and a layman.

Speaker at the dinner was Philadelphia Area Bishop Fred Pierce Corson, new president of the World Methodist Council. Dr. Frederick E. Maser, St. George's pastor, made the presentation.

Dr. Gross is a noted lecturer, educator, and administrator who has served on national and international commissions of Methodism, particularly in education. He was a leader in organizing the Commission on Christian Higher Education of the National Council of Churches, serving as its first chairman from 1950 to 1958.

Dr. Jones, chairman of a Charlotte construction company, is a charter

mber of Charlotte's Providence thodist Church and a churchman of le interests. He has been a trustee nine different institutions and ndations; a delegate to four Jurisdic- nal, four General, and two World thodist Conferences; treasurer of the MC Executive Committee; chairman, ke Junaluska Assembly; and a estern North Carolina Conference leader.

omen Pledge $1.5 Million r Peace, Education Projects

Methodist women have pledged $1.5 illion toward raising the status of omen in the Congo, strengthening orts for world peace, and the support Christian higher education in Alaska. The Woman's Division of Christian rvice executive committee has started $2 million home economics program r the Congo to train women there to come better homemakers and wives. he committee made $100,000 immedi- ely available for the five-year program, id provided for additional funds up $1 million as the program develops. he balance of the $2 million will be ought from other boards and agencies ithin the church.

The project will be related to the ongo Polytechnic Institute, an inter- enominational educational program losely related to The Methodist Church nancially, in personnel, and in admin- tration.

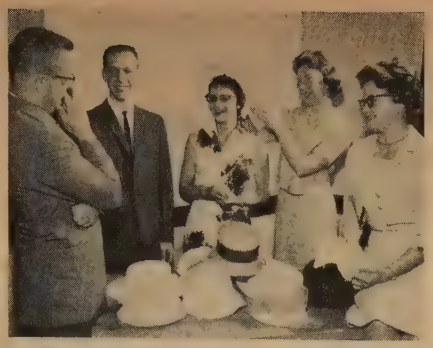
In the area of encouraging peace fforts, the committee authorized a 500,000 noninterest-bearing loan to be pplied toward the cost of a $2 million Christian center to be built across the treet from UN headquarters in New York City by the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns. Mrs. J. Fount Tillman, WDCS president, ex- plained that the loan symbolizes the women's "new commitment to greatly xpanded efforts" directed at strength- ning the channels and resources for peace in the world.

In support of Alaska Methodist Uni- ersity in Anchorage, the committee oted to contribute $10,000 to the uni- ersity for the 1961-62 academic year. t also placed the school on the official ist of institutions to which Methodist women can give cash for supply work hrough the Woman's Society of Chris- ian Service and the Wesleyan Service Guild.

MPH Tax Ruling Reversed

Reversing a previous decision, the Tennessee Board of Equalization has uled that the Methodist Publishing House is tax exempt.

The board explained its new ruling esulted from clarification of the Pub- shing House's nonreligious activities. ince income derived by the Publish- ng House from "not strictly religious



In an Oak Ridge, Tenn., hat shop, US-2s were given the privilege of choosing a gift hat by the owner, Mrs. H. Addison. US-2s pictured are (left to right): John Rogers, Eugene Watson, Barbara Bargabos, Betty Coleman, and Jeannette Carey. The group was on a training trip.

activities" is "only incidental," the board said, its entire properties should be exempt from taxation.

The exemption affects only the 1961 assessment of MPH property, which was set at $1,674,600 by the City of Nashville. Last year the board cut in half the 1960 assessment of $1,546,300 and a 1959 assessment of $1,388,100. An appeal by the Publishing House on those assessments is pending before the Davidson County Chancery Court.

Portugal's Angola Policies Hit in Board's Statement

An emphatic 600-word statement condemning the Portuguese government for atrocities committed against Africans in Angola has been issued by the Methodist Board of Missions' executive committee.

Severely criticizing Portugal for "killings and arrests" which Africans are "subjected to without proper and impartial trial," the committee called for vast social and political reforms in the Portuguese colony where a civil war between Africans and whites has been raging since March 15.

These conditions, said the statement, are condemned not only by The Methodist Church (largest Protestant body in the U.S.), but by the Christian conscience all over the world.

Five Methodist missionaries have been arrested in Angola in recent months, including the Rev. Raymond Noah, Palco, Kans., who was deported after a 28-day imprisonment. The status of the others was not known at press time. The Methodist Church has been in Angola since 1885.

Board officials believe that Portuguese whites feel Protestant missionaries are greatly to blame for the Africans' demand for political and social improvements. In its statement, the board's executive committee said that the Gospel, which always emphasizes God's

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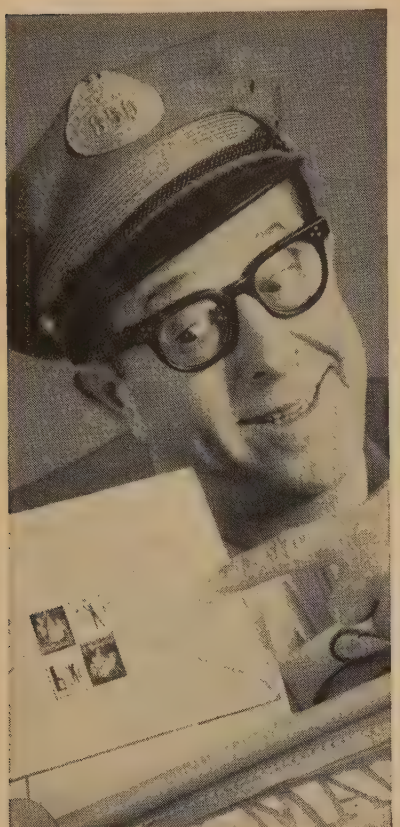


FIGHT TB WITH CHRISTMAS SEALS

ANSWER YOUR CHRISTMAS SEAL LETTER TODAY

Space contributed by TOGETHER

Dr. Alf Lier (left), president of Union Scandinavian School of Theology, Gothenburg, Sweden, receives for his seminary a collection of Abingdon Press books from Dr. J. Otis Young, associate publisher of the Methodist Publishing House. The books were displayed at the World Methodist Conference in Oslo.

fatherhood and man's brotherhood, inevitably affects men's thinking on political, economic, social, and educational questions.

Lauding the U.S. for its United Nations position calling for an investigation of the situation in Angola, the statement declared that the present civil war is a direct result of the postponement of much needed, long-overdue reforms.

The statement urged the establishment of a plan for self-determination for the people of Angola, with definite target dates.

Urge World Christian Mission

An Australian Council of Churches' proposal urging the launching of a world Christian mission may be placed on the agenda of the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches when it meets in New Delhi, India, November 18 to December 6.

Proponents of the proposal say that such a mission is needed in this era of unprecedented moral and spiritual challenge. They have asked for inauguration of the world mission at the Fourth Assembly, scheduled for 1968, if the proposal is adopted this year.

Serving on the committee to outline in greater detail what would be involved in a world mission is the Rev. Alan Walker, superintendent of the Central Methodist Mission in Sydney.

Dr. Kim Resigns Ewah Post

Dr. Helen Kim has resigned after serving more than 20 years as president of Methodist-related Ewah Woman's University, Seoul, Korea. Her resignation came after the new military regime of South Korea declared that sch administrators and teachers 60 y of age and older must give up th positions.

With near 8,000 students, the u versity is believed to be the lar women's school in the world. [*Biggest Women's School on Ea* November, 1957, page 35.]

Also affected by the new ruling about 80 college professors, some elementary and high-school teach and the heads of five other Method related schools in Korea, including K. B. Koh, new president of Yon University, Seoul.

Dr. Ralph Sockman to Retire

Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, 72, will tire December 31 as pastor of Chr Church, Methodist, in New York Ci His 44-year sing pulpit tenure believed to be t longest in Ame can church h tory.

Dr. Sockman

After retir ment, Dr. Soc man plans concentrate on h work as direct of the Hall Fame for Famo Americans, a po tion which he has held since 1949.

He is widely known for his rad ministry on the National Radio Pulp and for his magazine articles, synd cated columns, and lectures around th country. He has delivered more tha 2,000 sermons and written 20 books.

Loss of Influence Cited

Organized Christianity "has prett well lost its influence" both in Britai and on the Continent, according to D

CENTURY CLUB

Five more Methodists join TOGETHER's Century Club this month. Each has observed 100 or more birthdays. They are:

Mrs. W. S. Kirk, 102, Hogsett, W.Va.

Mrs. Retta Cole, 100, West Bend, Wis.

Mrs. Lulu Dearholt, 100, Roswell, N.Mex.

Mrs. Flora Jones, 100, Paris, Tenn.

B. P. Reese, 100, New Albany, Miss.

Names of other Methodists 100 or older will be listed as they are received. Please allow two months for publication.

ster A. Pennington, pastor, Henne- Avenue Methodist Church, Minne- lis, Minn.

eturning from Europe, Dr. Pen- gton said he was convinced that istianity there "has had it." He said glish Methodist leaders told him, ir nation is a pagan nation." opeans said they expect the same ng to happen in the United States. it it need not," he said.

Dr. Pennington believes American rches will be "renewed through the ological concern of young preachers ermined to communicate the Gospel, l through the work of small groups."

.2 Million in Building Fund

The Methodist Investment Fund, thodism's agency for helping finance v church buildings, has exceeded the million mark.

Dr. H. Conwell Snoke, MIF presi- nt, reports local churches, individuals, nual conferences, children's homes, d other Methodist agencies have in- sted $2.2 million in the fund.

Of the total invested, $500,000 came m individuals, $1.2 million from al churches, annual conferences, and stitutions, and $500,000 from the ethodist Board of Missions' Division National Missions.

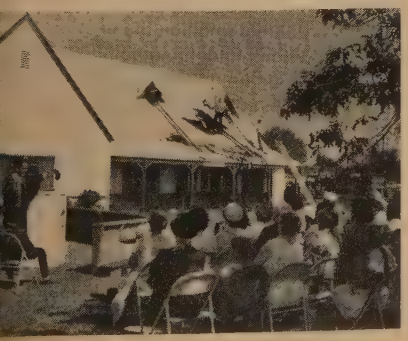
At a recent session, the investment nd's board loaned $970,000 to 22 urches.

Meanwhile, Dr. Alton E. Lowe, direc- r of the division's department of nance and field service, reports that cal Methodist churches, annual con- rences, and institutions during the ar ending May 31 raised $28,030,000 building campaigns.

lexicans Profit by Mission

An evangelistic mission to Mexico by U.S. Methodist ministers resulted new membership training classes for ch of the 37 Mexican Methodist urches they visited.

Nearly 23,000 persons attended 243



Undaunted by an attic fire, the Rev. Sidney C. Smith, Sacramento, Calif., moves his congregation outside the Asbury Methodist Church and continues services as firemen extinguish the blaze. There was $5,000 damage.

New World Federation of Methodist Women officers are (left to right): Mrs. T. Otto Nall, St. Paul, Minn., secretary; Dr. Dorothy H. Farrar, Halifax, England, vice-president; Mrs. Raymond J. Latham, Fivedock, N.S.W., Australia, president, and Mrs. John Y. MacKinnon, London, Ontario, Canada, treasurer. They were elected August 16 in Oslo.

services in which the visiting pastors participated. Of these, 115 were admitted as probationary members, 40 were baptized, and 935 were reconsecrated. The Rev. Howard Ellis, Nashville, Tenn., director of U.S. Methodist participation, said the mission was a part of a year-long evangelistic emphasis by Mexican Methodism.

International House Going Up

Methodist-related Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa, is building an integrated International House which will contain a co-operative dining hall and living quarters for both U.S. and foreign students, including some married couples.

The erection of International House fits in with Morningside's plan to train African students, 20 of whom were enrolled at the school this fall.

Editor to Florida Methodist

New editor of the *Florida Methodist*, semimonthly news magazine of the Florida Annual Conference, is Jack Detweiler.

A Methodist layman, Mr. Detweiler has been on the news staff of the *Tampa Tribune* since 1958.

Editorial offices are in the new Methodist Building at Lakeland.

O. B. Fanning, who had been serving as acting editor, was named editorial director. He heads the news bureau at Florida Southern College, Lakeland, and the Florida-Cuba Methodist Information office.

No C.O. Problem Foreseen

The current military mobilization may double the number of conscientious objectors taking alternative civilian assignments in lieu of military service, but there is no shortage of positions to which they may be assigned.

(*Continued on page 73*)

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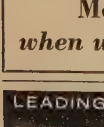

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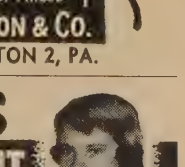

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FEEDING FIFTY

A New England variation of the Trilby Bar became a cherished recipe in Indiana just as soon as these ladies tried it.

Cranberry Crunch: A Santa Claus Favorite.

CHRISTMAS came early this year in Santa Claus, Ind.

It was one of the last warm days of summer when the WSCS of Santa Claus Methodist Church served Cranberry Crunch—a dessert treat usually reserved for Christmas meals—at a luncheon for 31 Evansville District ministers' wives. But they didn't mind rushing the season, the Santa Claus ladies assured me, if it meant that readers of *Feeding Fifty* could have the recipe for this delicious, colorful, and easy-to-prepare dessert in time for their own group meals at Christmas time.

Certainly no group is better qualified to judge a group-feeding dish than ministers' wives—and those at the Santa Claus affair, who were holding an annual retreat at historic Santa Claus Campground across the road from the church, were uniformly enthusiastic. "Very tasty" and "real Christmasy," they said.

Or I can quote Mrs. Arnold B. Nash of Ridgefield, Conn., who sent me the recipe. She wrote that the dish had made such a hit with the Methodist Men at the Jesse Lee Memorial Methodist Church there that many wives later called to find out how to make it.

Here's the recipe, for 50:

CRANBERRY CRUNCH

3 cups rolled oats
2 cups flour
½ tablespoon salt
1½ pounds brown sugar
1½ cups butter or margarine
7 No. 1½ cans whole cranberry sauce

Combine dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Cut in butter or margarine until the mixture is crumbly. Spread half the crumb mixture over bottom of greased baking pan. Spread cranberry sauce evenly over crumb mixture. Spread remaining crumb mixture evenly over the cranberries. Bake 45 minutes in 350-degree oven. Serve warm with whipped-cream topping.

At Santa Claus, dessert was preceded by fried chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy, baked beans, and cole slaw.

The white-frame church building in which the ministers' wives enjoyed their lunch has been a landmark in southern Indiana since 1873. The organized congregation and the nearby campground date back to 1849.

The little community, established by German Methodists, got its name in 1848. Many wanted it named for a German Methodist circuit rider the Rev. Christian Wittenbach. Others wanted to call it Germania Settlement. They compromised on Santa Claus!

The campground, once the scene of old-time revival meetings, now operates as a youth camp six weeks a year. Other meetings keep it busy the rest of the warm months.

I join the Santa Claus ladies in hoping you'll enjoy Cranberry Crunch in your church this holiday season, and that you'll have a Christmas that's richly blessed in inspiration and Christian service.

And in the new year about to begin, I hope you'll continue to share your church meal triumphs and problems with *Feeding Fifty*.

—SALLY WESLEY

Dr. J. Harold Sherk, director of the tional Service Board for Religious bjectors, says "the type of institutions which our men are serving are onically short of help."

About 800 men a year have been ing conscientious-objectors' work as-nments, Dr. Sherk says. More than f of them serve as orderlies in spitals and homes for children.

Methodists in the News

Zeb E. Barnhardt, Centenary urch, Winston-Salem, N.C., was cted treasurer of the National As-ciation of Church Business Admin-rators.

Donn Michael Farris of Methodist-ated Duke University Divinity hool has been chosen president-elect the American Theological Library ssociation.

Dr. Elmer T. Clark, Lake Juna-ska, N.C., and **Dr. E. Benson Per-ns**, Birmingham, England, have re-ived *World Outlook* awards for distinguished service to Christian issions."

E. E. (Tad) Wieman, director of hletics of Methodist-related Univer-ty of Denver, was named president the Fellowship of Christian Athletes r 1961-1962. Other officers include **aul Dietzel**, Louisiana State Univer-ty, vice-president, and **Dick Harp**, niversity of Kansas, secretary.

CAMERA CLIQUE

low to Fight a Misfire: While kicking his ay through damp snow to photograph Here's low They Do It at Paducah *[pages 60-63], ur photographer knew that the moisture and old might cause his flash equipment to mis-re. So, to insure that every shot would be roperly exposed, he used the reliable open-ash technique.*

Mounting his Rolleiflex on a tripod, he held he shutter open on bulb, manually fired each ashbulb, then closed the shutter. Stopping st action, of course, was impossible with this chnique. Then to get the long shot of the hurch [page 62, bottom] he had an assistant alk up the block with a flash gun, "painting ght" on the scene. Our photographer stayed ith the camera to close the shutter between ashes so the floodlights in the scene wouldn't verexpose areas on the film while the assistant hanged bulbs.

The same technique, by the way, can be pplied very effectively in making photographic hristmas cards which show your house at ight. Why not try it this year?

Here are photo credits for this issue:

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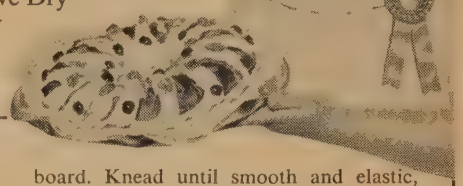
Idaho cook wins Gold Ribbon with this yeast recipe

Swedish Tea Ring

"I found this recipe in a cookbook which I won as a prize in my first contest," says Mrs. Alton McDaniel of Blackfoot, Idaho, Gold Ribbon winner for the best yeast baking at the Eastern Idaho State Fair. "Now I hope *you'll* try this same recipe. But remember, it's important to use Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. Fleischmann's rises fast every time. I know it will give you the same wonderful results I always get."



Swedish Tea Ring *Makes 1 large ring*

¾ cup milk
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup (½ stick) Fleischmann's Margarine
¼ cup very warm water
1 package or cake Fleischmann's Yeast, active dry or compressed
2 eggs, beaten
4 cups sifted flour, about
2 tablespoons melted margarine
2 teaspoons cinnamon
½ cup raisins, optional

Scald milk; stir in sugar, salt and margarine; cool to lukewarm. Measure very warm water into large bowl. Sprinkle or crumble in Fleischmann's Yeast; stir to dissolve. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture, beaten eggs and half the flour; beat until smooth. Stir in remaining flour to make soft dough. Turn out onto lightly floured board. Knead until smooth and elastic, about 8 minutes. Cover; let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled, about 45 minutes. Knead down. Cover; let rise until doubled, about 30 minutes. Turn dough out on lightly floured board. Roll into 18 x 9-inch rectangle. Brush with melted margarine. Sprinkle with cinnamon and raisins (if desired); roll lengthwise. Shape roll into a ring on greased baking sheet; seal ends. Snip almost to center at 1-inch intervals with scissors. Pull sections apart and twist slightly. Cover; let rise until half doubled, about ½ hour. Bake at 350°F. 25 min. Frost with confectioners' sugar icing while warm. Decorate with nuts and maraschino cherries if desired.

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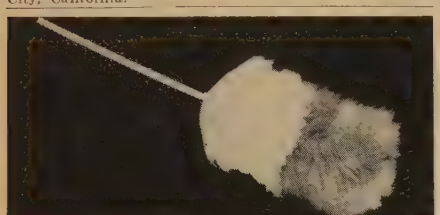
The best value since the days of the 49ers! You get 200 lovely gold labels with your **Name & Address** PLUS 200 beautiful golden **Monogram Labels**—a total of 400 SATINGOLD Labels for only $1.00. **Two different** labels for the price of one, gives you a combination of Name Labels-and-Monogram Labels. Both labels printed on quality SATINGOLD paper. **Turn your dollar into 400 "pieces of Gold"** by rushing your copy with $1.00 today! REGAL LABELS, Dept. 12U, Box 509, Culver City, California.



WONDER DUSTER

Soft fluffy Australian lamb's wool. Polishes as it dusts furniture, mirrors, venetian blinds, lamp-shades, automobiles. Lambs' wool WONDER DUSTER has natural lanolin content and is a magnet for dust, washes easily, fluffs again instantly.

Colors: red green, yellow blue, pink orange and purple. Very colorful and useful.

Duster 19" with red wooden handle $1.95 PPD.

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Duster 18" in two colors and solid with bamboo handle $1.50 PPD.

Quantity discounts available.

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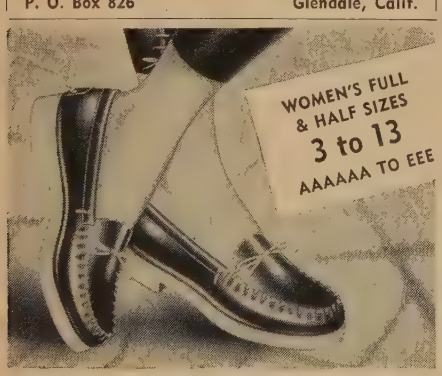

LIKE WALKING ON AIR—bouncy foam crepe soles. Over 223 sizes in stock! Choice leather, handlaced, flexible, smartly styled and quality made. Red, Smoke, Taffytan, White, Black. No extra charges for the hard-to-fit! All purchases subject to exchange or money-back Fast delivery—COD's accepted. Factory-to-you Special Offer: $5.95 plus 50c post. **MOCCASIN-CRAFT, 58-YT Buffum St., Lynn, Mass.**

500 PRINTED NAME & ADDRESS LABELS 25¢

500 gummed economy labels printed in black with ANY name and address, 25¢ per set! In two-tone plastic gift box, 35¢ per set. 5-day service.

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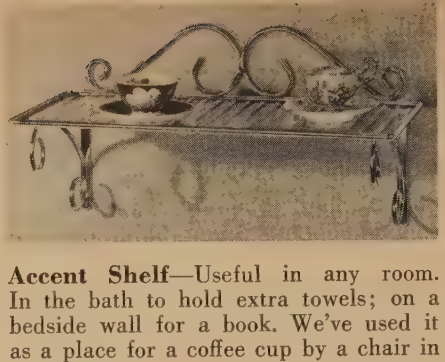
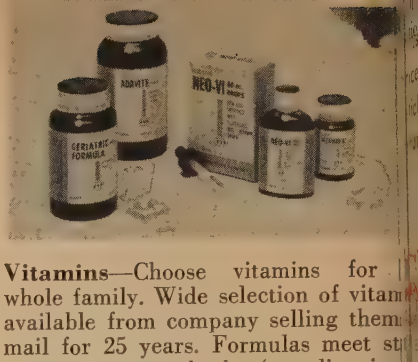
Superior quality paper with rich-looking gold trim, printed with ANY name and address in black. Thoughtful, personal gift; perfect for your own use. Set of 500, 50¢. In two-tone plastic box, 60¢. 48-hour service.

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. We pay the postage.

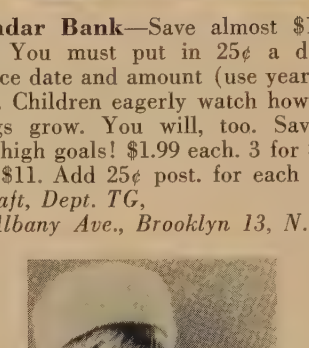
Walter Drake 2612 Drake Bldg. Colorado Springs 12, Colo.



Accent Shelf—Useful in any room. In the bath to hold extra towels; on a bedside wall for a book. We've used it as a place for a coffee cup by a chair in a cramped corner. Hint: insert steel wool in the screw holes to secure in plaster. Multiplated brass, 8x18, $5.95.
Colorific House, Box 352T, Evansville 4, Ind.



Vitamins—Choose vitamins for whole family. Wide selection of vitam available from company selling them mail for 25 years. Formulas meet st government standards (supplier inv you to check them with your doct Send for free catalogue.
Hudson Vitamins, Dept. M-973, 89 Seventh Ave., New York 11, N.Y.

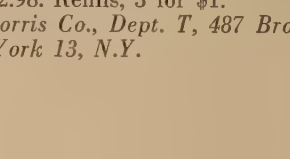


Calendar Bank—Save almost $100 a year! You must put in 25¢ a day to advance date and amount (use year after year). Children eagerly watch how their savings grow. You will, too. Save for those high goals! $1.99 each. 3 for $5.75. 6 for $11. Add 25¢ post. for each bank.
Leecraft, Dept. TG, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N.Y.

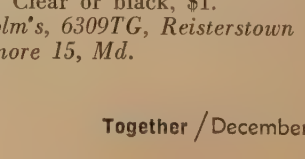
Trinket Boxes—For tiniest treasur Heart-shaped for her, with Red Ridi Hood on top; inside, golden neckla with her name engraved. For him, oblo box, painted horse atop, golden tie h with engraved name. About 2½" wi Italian, hand-carved figures. $1.50 ea
The Added Touch, Dept. TG, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Mommy-And-Dolly Hats—Young matrons of the doll-carriage crowd find these bunny-fur pillboxes simply divine. Deep-piled, snow white, lined luxuriously in white satin. For child 4-12, doll up to 36 inches. State age of child, approx. size of doll. Set, $3.98.
Deer Hill Co., Dept. TG, College Point 56, N.Y.

Police-Car Rug—Calling all cars! find children who'd like a shaggy r by their beds on cold mornings to ke tootsies warm! Blue cotton rug kee 'em entertained, too. Shipped with police badges. Preshrunk, colorfast, skid back, approx. 23x28. $6.98.
Anders Co., Dept. TG, 155 W. 72nd St., New York 23, N.Y.



Aqua-Pen—The fountain pen you fill at the nearest water tap! Water activates special cartridge that lasts 6 mos. Write with no-fade ink. Ideal for students, everyone. Gold-plated point. Guaranteed. Pen colors: black, maroon, gray, green, red. $2.98. Refills, 3 for $1.
Jay Norris Co., Dept. T, 487 Broadway, New York 13, N.Y.



Bobby Cape—Foil sudden showers wi this swishy cape modeled after a Lond bobby's. Fingertip length plastic. Tee like its width for covering loads of bool and the attached hood. Moms like too. One size fits all. Folds to 4x6 in. purse. Clear or black, $1.
Malcolm's, 6309TG, Reisterstown Rd., Baltimore 15, Md.

Dr. J.

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...ces are postpaid unless otherwise shown. All companies are
...liable. However, if you find your order unsatisfactory,
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Shopping Together

lassic Crosses—Early European de-igns re-created for today's giving. Deli-itely handcrafted in sterling by silver rtisans. Each about 2" long, 19" sterling hain. Clockwise: English, French, Cel-ni, Florentine. $3.95 each. Set of all 4 rosses, $15.
amaica Silversmiths, Dept. TG, 9-32 164th St., Jamaica 32, N.Y.

Fashionable Circles—For the man-about-town, or the tailored woman. Petite, simple domed discs stamped out of sterling sheets, engraved with 2 or 3 initials. Circle these for the sophisticates on your gift list. Links, 9/16" dia., $2. Tie bar, 1⅝", $1.50.
Mother Hubbard, Dept. Y-189, 175 Federal St., Boston 10, Mass.

Dishware Rack—Helps prevent chip-ing, doubles cabinet space. Heavy wire, ushioned with white vinyl covering. pecial safety sections for each size late; cup hooks. Holds up to 40 dishes, ervice for 8. Preserves fine china as well s everyday dishes. 17x9x9. $3.98.
Gifts Galore, Box 272, Dept. G-31, Culver City, Calif.

Oriental Ginger Jar—Porcelain jar used by Japanese housewives for festival sweetmeats and ginger comes to America to grace a coffee table, mantel, or a what-not. Coral-colored flowers on white. Comes with black wood stand. Over-all height 8". $3.75 ea. Pair, $7.50.
Ziff's, P.O. Box 3072TG, Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Ill.

f Your Child is a Poor Reader

ee how **The Sound Way to Easy Reading** can help im to read and spell better in a few weeks. New ome-tutoring course *drills* your child in phonics ith records and cards. Easy to use. University sts and parents' reports show children gain up *full year's grade* in reading skill in 6 weeks. rite for free illustrated folder and low price. **remner-Davis Phonics,** Dept. R-81, Wilmette, Ill.

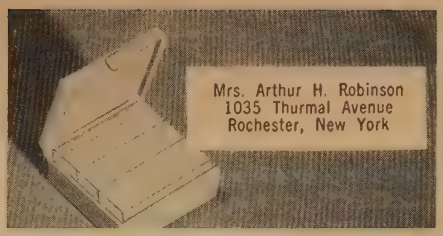
COWBOY & INDIAN CHECKERS
$1.25 ppd.

A daring range war is staged on a big 24" x 24" plastic checkerboard with 3" tall plastic figures, colorful & unbreakable. Hats, spears, rifles, etc. make unique kings. Played like regular checkers. Sure to delight!

Sterling Silver Abacus Cufflinks & Tie Bar

The perfect gift for "calculating" men! Really works—each tiny silver bead moves. Authentic miniature of the oriental abacus. Abacus handmade in Hong Kong. 2" Tie Bar, $1.98. Swivel back Cuff Links, ¾"x½", $2.98 ppd.

MOTHER HUBBARD, DEPT. Y
176 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON 10, MASS.



1000 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS $1
Any 3 Different Orders $2 ppd.

Sensational bargain! Your name and address handsomely printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Padded. Packed with FREE, useful Plastic GIFT BOX. Use them on stationery, checks, books, cards, records, etc. *Beautifully printed* on finest quality gummed paper—1000 only $1. SPECIAL—SAVE MONEY! ANY 3 DIFFERENT ORDERS $2. Makes an ideal gift. If you don't agree this is the buy of the year, we'll refund your money in full. HANDY LABELS, 1234 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City, Calif.

TABLE CROQUET $1.00 ppd.
In Golden Brass

Wonderful rainy day game that will test the skill of every member in the family. A miniature replica of the regular outdoor lawn game. Our table set consists of 4 mallets, 4 little balls, and 9 wickets, all polished brass. 17 piece set only $1.00 postpaid.
Pa. Residents Add 4% Sales Tax
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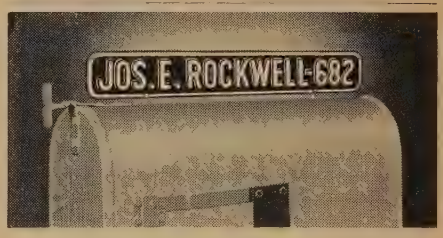
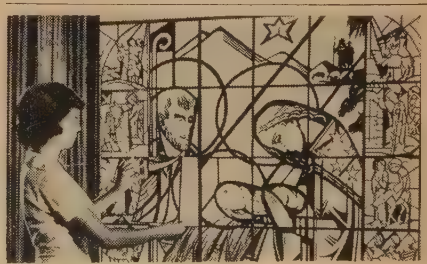


Day-n-Night Mailbox Marker $1.95

Your name (or any other wording you want, up to 17 letters and numbers) appears on both sides of your Day-n-Night Mailbox Marker—in permanent raised letters that reflect light! Fits any mailbox—easy to install in a minute. Rustproof—made of aluminum; baked enamel finish, black background, white letters. Perfect gift for Christmas! Your marker shipped within 48 hours. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Only $1.95 postpaid from Spear Engineering Company, 440-H Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.



"STAINED GLASS" MANGER SCENE

This lovely manger scene glows in "Stained Glass" brilliance when colored with ordinary crayons or marking pens. Designs lithographed on special paper that blends the colors into radiant panels. Life size 34" x 44" Manger Scene framed by 8 individual 8½" x 11" patterns. Can group to fit your window. Send as gift! $2.00 ppd. Stained Glass Craft, Box H-35, Delafield, Wis.

Meeting pictorial [October, page 37].

You rendered a great service to the cause of church publicity, and on behalf of my community, which includes New Prospect campground, I thank you.

Less History, Deeper Devotion

CHARLES R. BRITT, *Pastor*
Prattville, Ala.

Thank you for the November Powwow [*Bring Back the Traveling Minister?* page 20]. But how interesting to note that the ardent advocate of an eight-year tenure is a seminary professor who may not move for many years.

Dr. Norwood might also advocate that seminary professors move every eight years, alternately in and out of seminary and pastorate.

We need fewer pleas for historical rules and deeper devotion to the service of people wherever they are—spatially and spiritually!

Fond Memories Stirred

H. K. WILLIAMSON
Yorktown, Ind.

I have been reading TOGETHER since it started, and today I enjoyed the finest article I have read for a long time: *The Woman Who Was Forgotten* by Bess Streeter Aldrich [September, page 20].

When one reaches my age (I'm 76), he remembers with great affection teachers and others who, years before, worked so hard to prepare him for life.

Agreement on 'The Finest'

ALICE RICHARDSON
Evinston, Fla.

It is so nice to have a magazine that students as well as adults can enjoy.

I display TOGETHER in my dormitory room at Florida State University, and it is amazing how many of the girls read it. They agree that it is the finest church magazine published. I find that girls of other denominations are interested in subscribing to it.

Psychiatry Yes, Dogma No!

MRS. CATHERINE DE GROFF
Easton, Pa.

I agree with Floyd B. Odlum [*My Return to Religion*, October, page 17] that psychiatry is a great help in understanding the teachings of Jesus. Dogma collected over the years must be weeded out to make our religion true.

'Unchristian . . . A Mockery'

ETHEL M. CROTSER
Lake Isabella, Calif.

I wish to voice my disappointment in *My Return to Religion* by Floyd B. Odlum [October, page 17]. To print such an article in a Christian magazine is the same as accepting his unchristian views of the Bible.

He says he has returned to religion, but does not believe some stories in the Bible: the creation, the flood, and others which tell of God's wonderful power and love. He also believes in the theory of evolution. My Bible says God created man in His own image.

I hope the young people who read this article will be strong enough in their Christian belief to discard it for what it is: a mockery of all we believe, and contempt for God's word.

For an authoritative discussion of the Bible's over-all meaning, we refer Miss Crotser to page 45, The Bible: Word of God for Man, *this month's article in the continuing* We Believe *series.*—EDS.

Make It Required Reading?

MRS. L. M. NICOLAI
Colman, S.Dak.

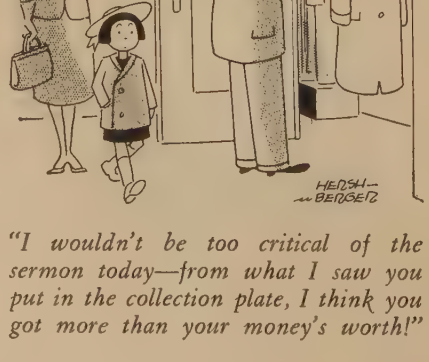
I thought the article *Children Should Be Seen—Not Slurred* [September, page 32] completely delightful. It should be required reading for everyone over 15, perhaps several times a year, lest we slip into the feeling that children—in their incessant activity, curiosity, and enthusiasm—are a nuisance.

Perhaps if I had read this several years ago, my small daughter would not have said something I've never forgotten: "I'm never going to have any children—they're too much trouble."

Worth 10,000 Words?

MRS. JAMES SCHELLENBERG
Kalamazoo, Mich.

I want to express my appreciation for the sensitive portrayal of the interpretive choir performance in the pictorial *Fairest Lord Jesus* [August, page 2]. The photographs describe what the choir does better than any article could.



"I wouldn't be too critical of the sermon today—from what I saw you put in the collection plate, I think you got more than your money's worth!"

You might like to know that read in many parts of the country have k me busy answering inquiries about terpretive-choir work.

Readers may remember that M Schellenberg organized the choir pictured at First Methodist Chu Lawrence, Kans.—EDS.

Goof on Growth Graph

ALLEN R. REESOR
San Bernardino, Calif.

In reporting the growth of world-w Methodism [graph, August, page TOGETHER makes the same error t can be found in each succeeding is of *The Methodist Fact Book.* It sta that there are 870,000 Methodists Canada, with a possible "Metho community" of 2,867,000.

Most informed people know th hasn't been a Methodist church Canada since 1925, when Methodi joined with Presbyterians and Congr gationalists (and others) to form United Church of Canada.

With the exception of a few scatter congregations not affiliated with t United Church of Canada, Reader Re sor is absolutely correct—even thou the United Church does send frater delegates to each General Conferen and each World Methodist Conferen Incidentally, the Methodist Statistic Office assures us this distinction w be made in subsequent issues of T Methodist Fact Book.—EDS.

A Message From Dublin

C. W. RANSON, *President*
The Methodist Church, Ireland

Thank you for the excellent pictur of Wesley College, Dublin [*Educatio in the Old Tradition,* September, pag 76], including the charming cover pi ture.

Irish Methodists value the histor links which bind them to their gre sister church in the United States.

Wesley College renders an inestima ble service to small and scattered Met odist and other Protestant communiti in the Republic of Ireland. The Iri Conference recognized this by designa ing the present connectional ye *Wesley College Year.*

We hope the $280,000-financial cam paign now underway will bring t support needed to enable this famou school to modernize its plant and ex tend its service.

There must be many readers of T GETHER who have Irish connections and some who have not—who will wi to encourage this venture. They can so most effectively by sending contr butions to:

The Development Fund, c/o T Principal, Wesley College, St. Stephe Green, Dublin, Ireland.

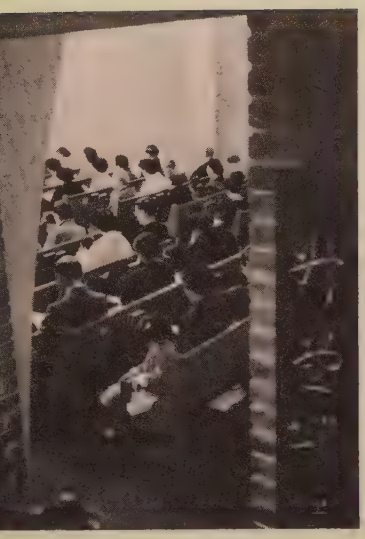
East and West meet in the garb of these Sunday schoolers, who often pause at the lily pool before classes.

Christmas at Moon-Gate Church

One moment you are walking along bustling Eighth treet in Oakland, Calif. The next, you're passing through moon-shaped gate and into a serene oriental courtyard. nstead of city-street noises, your ears pick up the splash- ng as a porcelain dolphin spouts into a lily pool.

You're at the Chinese Community Methodist Church, show place for visitors in Oakland's Chinatown. Built 1953, this unusual church fulfills Pastor Edwar Lee's esire for cloistered quietness. The rounded gate, sym- olizing heaven's perfection, admits worshipers to the ny (20 by 25 feet) but beautifully kept garden. And if ou drop by the Sunday before Christmas, you can wit- ess the candlelight ceremony pictured on these pages.

"Joy to the world!" echoes in the crisp night air as recessional marchers pass through the moon gate.



Beautiful scroll boards (above) flank the entrance to the nave. Inside, members of the congregation await the start of the Christmas service. Ends of pews are carved to resemble old Chinese ceremonial chairs.

Four huge, pointed arches tower over the choir's recessional march in the church as a green-tile cross behind the altar glows with diffused light. Membership now has reached approximately 150.

The light of joy and of 72 candles illumines the face of the Rev. Edwar Lee. For him and his congregation, the church—cost: $75,000—is a dream come true.

This dramatic view of New York's Empire State Building at Christmastime, taken for our 1959 Invitational, also could illustrate the 1962 theme.

A Challenge to COLOR Photographers

HOW'S YOUR VISION? Not the kind measured by your ophthalmologist when he tests your eyes. We're talking about the kind of active imagination which translates words and phrases into storytelling pictures.

Here's our challenge: Read the six stanzas of the hymn, *Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life,* printed below. Then, show us—through colored slides—what these familiar words mean to you. Perhaps one of your pictures will be chosen for our 1962 Photo Invitational pictorial—eight pages in color to be published next summer.

The hymn we have chosen to theme this, our sixth Invitational, was written in 1903 by a Methodist minister. We feel it aptly expresses the 20th century's urgent need for Christ. Like the poet himself—and the reader who snapped the picture at left—you may find your strongest inspiration in city scenes where "restless throngs abide." But the theme applies equally well to woods, desert, or seashore, which also have become "crowded ways" in our mobile generation.

Study the hymn, then examine your slide files. You may have several suitable shots on hand. Better, load your camera and give life to that picture in your mind's eye. But don't delay—deadline is February 10, 1962!

WHERE CROSS THE CROWDED WAYS OF LIFE

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!

In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

O Master, from the mountainside,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again.

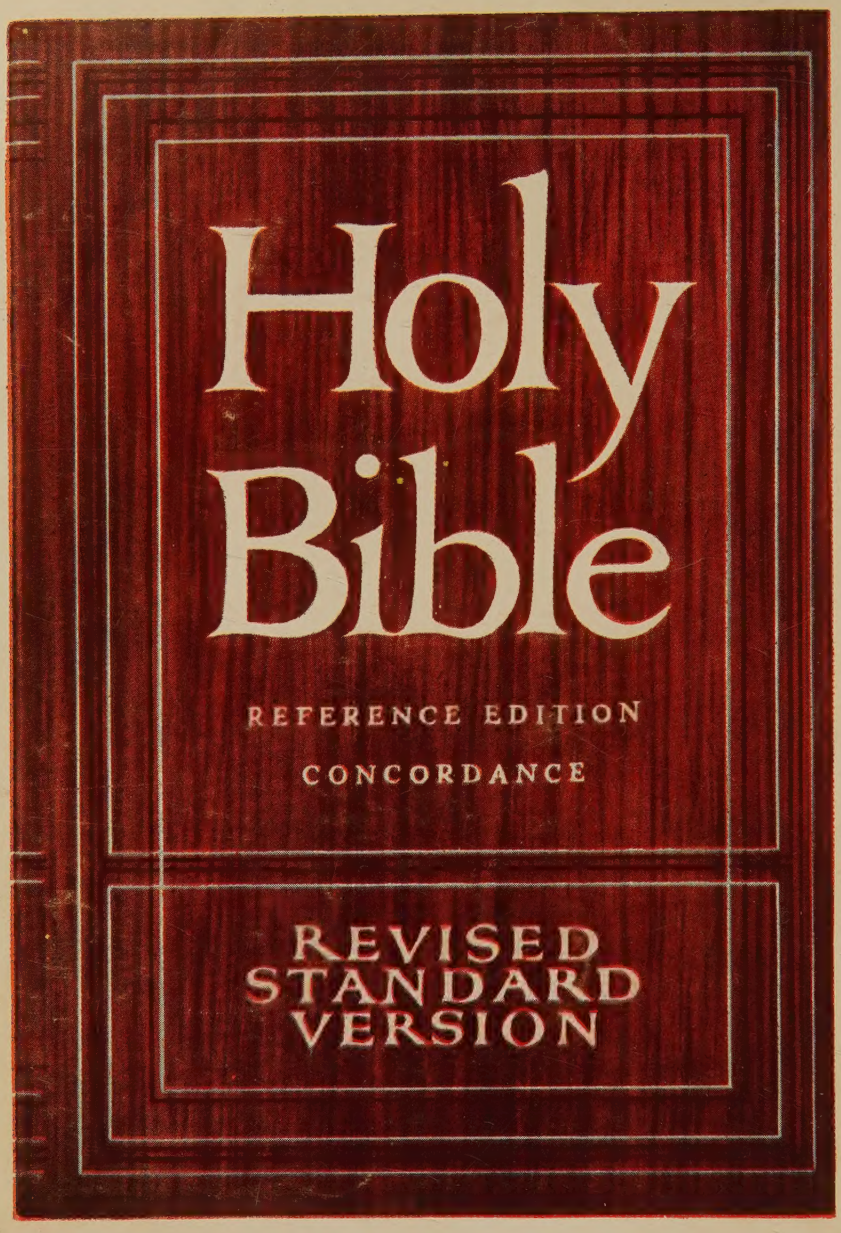
Till sons of men shall learn Thy love
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till, glorious from Thy heaven above,
Shall come the city of our God!

—FRANK MASON NORTH

READ THESE RULES:

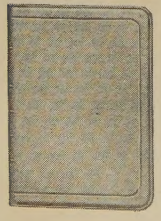
1. Send no more than 10 color transparencies (color prints or color negatives are not eligible).
2. Identify each slide and explain why it was inspired by the hymn.
3. Enclose loose stamps for return postage (do not stick stamps to anything).
4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 10, 1962.
5. Original slides bought and all reproduction rights to them will become TOGETHER's property (for their files, photographers will receive duplicate of slides purchased).
6. Slides not accepted will be returned shortly after the closing date. Care will be used in handling and returning transparencies, but TOGETHER cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged in transit.

Send to: PHOTO EDITOR, TOGETHER
40 NORTH RUSH ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS



GIVE THE BIBLE THAT SPEAKS CLEARLY: the Revised Standard Version Bible. It is written in clear, readily understandable English . . . yet it preserves the original power and beauty of the King James Bible. Religious leaders, educators, scholars acclaim it as a work of scrupulous accuracy. It makes an ideal gift. Give it this Christmas.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, an RSV Bible with 12 illustrations, 12 maps, a presentation page, all in color. Also available with words of Christ in red. Complete footnotes. Bound in black leatheroid; red edges (2803) **$3.50**



THE CONCORDETTE has a 192-page concordance and list of proper names; over 75,000 center-column references, 12 maps and family record. Yet it's compact in size, ideal to carry. Bound in black or white imitation leather. India paper, gold edges (5806XW) **$7.95**

FINE LEATHER EDITION includes 192-page concise concordance and list of proper names, over 75,000 center-column references, 12 maps in color. Printed on Nelson Indopaque Paper with gold edges, bound in black or red genuine cowhide (4808X) . **$17.50**

MANY OTHER EDITIONS are available. They are priced from $3 to $30. Ask to see them at your bookstore or your denominational publishing house.

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THE NELSON REVISED STANDARD VERSION BIBLE